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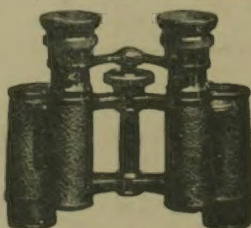
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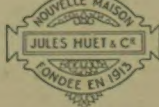
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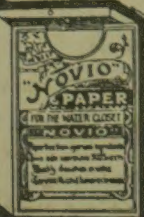


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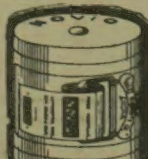
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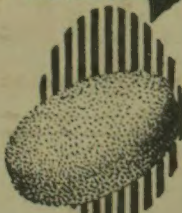
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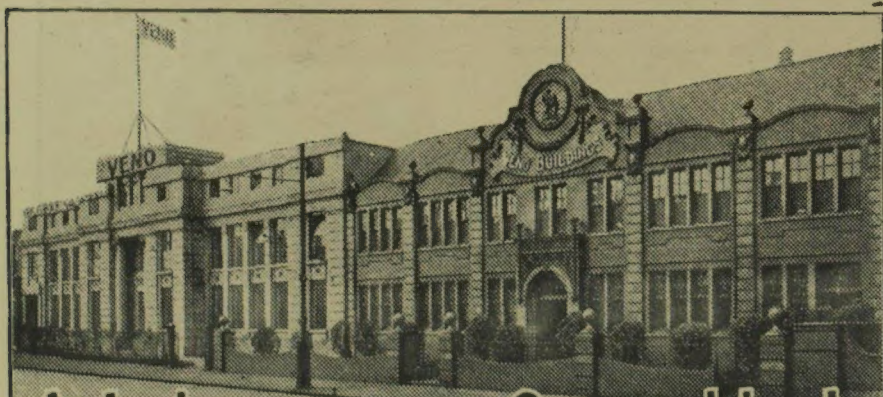
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1922.

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AT THE FRIDAY PRAYERS IN THE SELAMLIK AT CONSTANTINOPLE: MOHAMMED VI., SULTAN OF TURKEY.

It was rumoured from Constantinople on September 28 that the Sultan of Turkey had abdicated in favour of the Heir-Apparent, Prince Abdul Medjid Effendi. Kemal Pasha was said to consider Mohammed VI. too pro-British, and to favour his deposition. According to report also, it was in anticipation of such an event that several members of the Ottoman Royal Family recently left Constantinople. The party arrived at Malta on September 24, and on October 1 left on board the

"Adria" for Naples. Sultan Mohammed VI., son of Sultan Abdul Medjid, was born in 1861, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his elder brother, Sultan Mohammed V., on July 3, 1918, being the thirty-seventh Sovereign, in male descent, of the House of Othman, founder of the Ottoman Empire, and the thirtieth since the conquest of Constantinople. By the law of succession, the crown is inherited according to seniority by the male descendants of Othman.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFIERI.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I STRONGLY suspect that Italy is the most interesting country in Europe to-day. It is there that the ideas are developing and dividing which will affect the rest of the world. If there be any Englishman who retains the very Teutonic tradition of calling himself an Anglo-Saxon and despising the Latins for not being Anglo-Saxons, he must reconcile himself to this possibility; he may even be asked to admit that something of the sort may have happened before. After all, Italy has from time to time produced certain effects upon Europe. A thing called the Roman Empire could be found scattered about here and there; and various thoroughfares which we still call Roman roads in Normandy or Northumberland did in some sense originally radiate from a miserable Italian village. The parish priest of that village, quaintly called the Pope, has had something more than a local notoriety. Christopher Columbus and Napoleon Bonaparte were Italians who wandered into foreign climes and contrived to support themselves there, not exclusively by selling ice-creams. Dante was a Dago who to some extent distinguished himself in song, apparently unaccompanied on a barrel-organ. Michael Angelo produced a certain amount of sculpture, which is not classed with confectionery. In short, we must reconcile ourselves, whether reluctantly or no, to the fact that these Italians led the world in all their several departments—in war, in government, in discovery, in poetry, and in art. I myself think it very probable that Italians are going to lead the world now.

The three political parties in Italy to-day represent the three real ideas of our time. One of the great defects in English culture is that we have very seldom been taught anything intelligent about the political parties of foreign countries. The very names are often unknown to us, and generally unintelligible to us. Curiously enough, they are never so unintelligible as when they are familiar. This is especially true in the great misunderstanding between England and America; the cross-purposes in which we use the same words for different things. Anybody in England might say of a man that he was so much of a Radical as to be almost a Republican. In the great American language this would seem quite comically contradictory: it would sound like saying that he was so much of a Fenian as to be a Unionist. In modern England a man calling himself a Radical is generally a rather old-fashioned person who thinks it too revolutionary to be a Socialist. In the United States a man is called a Radical when he is rather more revolutionary than any Socialists need be. The American word Radical could be much more correctly translated Bolshevik. On the other hand, of course, the American word Republican corresponds in many ways to our word Conservative. So to say that an extreme Radical was nearly a Republican would be to say that an extreme Revolutionist was nearly a Conservative. But the difficulties and differences are not merely verbal. The same word Radical has yet a third shade of meaning in France: it nearly always involves the idea of anti-clerical and often that of atheist. It also involves other things, the meaning of which we generally miss. Few of us understand the special point and importance of Clemenceau, warmly as we admired his national enthusiasm. The whole point of his nationalism was that he was not a Nationalist. He was a Radical of the party that had always denounced the Nationalists as mere militarists; and he had himself crossed swords with the great and chivalrous Dérouté. His patriotism was a paradox and almost a repentance. But I only give these examples, at random, to show that neither our newspapers nor our school-books have generally taught us much about the political parties of foreign countries. We were taught about the exports and

imports of foreign countries; about the capes, capitals and rivers of foreign countries; occasionally about the wars that they had waged with us and about their political constitutions as they compared with our own. But about their internal intellectual divisions, which are much more interesting, we were taught next to nothing. Each nation was treated as a solid block, or as a separate and simple organism; as if Russia really had been one enormous bear, or France one colossal cock or poodle.

Now, if we want to understand the future of Europe, we should understand the forces that are dividing a nation, as well as the forces that are uniting it. There could not be a more vital instance than the forces that are dividing the new nation of Italy. The first of these national forces is primarily national. Everybody knows that the Fascisti are directly the opponents of the Bolsheviks. But I think the movement attacks the Bolsheviks even more because they are Internationalists than because they are Socialists. Anyhow, the Fascisti are what their enemies would call militarists and their friends would call patriots;

of wealth into a few capitalistic hands is not its further concentration into a few official hands, but its better distribution to a larger number of ordinary human hands. It would give property to all instead of denying it to all. But I am not arguing the question here; I am only pointing out that these are three parties that do stand for three realities. They are the three elemental facts of modern Europe; patriotism and popular religion and industrial discontent.

It is to be feared that only too much remains of the innocent insular habit of treating all these revolutionary Southern movements as a mere riot of decay. We can only say that, on such an assumption, the Latin world has been decaying for a very long time, and was never more obviously decaying than when it was obviously advancing. Through the whole period of the first expansion of Rome, the streets of Rome were the scene of one perpetual street riot. In the days of Hildebrand or of Dante, Italian politics were an incessant civil war. The truth is that, in the matter of revolutions, our own comparative immunity is only a comparative advantage. The English patience has a value as a national variety, but not as a national superiority. It is a good thing that England is peaceful, as it is a good thing that fen-land is flat. It has a peculiar and separate beauty; and it takes all landscapes to make a world. But it does not follow that all fens can look down on all volcanoes. Certain humours and humanities have grown up in our insular security, things that are a thousand times worth defending and holding dear; such as the English School of portraiture or of water-colour. But Romney Marsh cannot actually look down on Mont Blanc, and most certainly Romney cannot look down on Michael Angelo.

Arts and arms do not clash in history; it is only a particular sort of art that flourishes best in a particular sort of tranquillity. By all means let us be proud of possessing both; but let us remember that there are other kinds of pride in the world. This is a very obvious truth, yet it is worth repeating again and again; because this true internationalism is very rare, especially among internationalists. Indeed, the pacifist is never an internationalist, because he has no sympathy with the wars of other nations. It is very difficult to get any people of any party to feel a respect for foreign fighting or the foreign fighter.

The Radical generally dislikes him for being a fighter, and the Tory for being a foreigner. But this particular foreign fighting, as exemplified in the present riots of Italy, is something which I am certain it would be well for us to watch. Out of such Italian street-battles came the Roman Empire and the rise of the Papacy. And the struggle has this supreme significance: that it is far too practical to be what we call practical politics. People are in it for what they really want, and not for anything they can get.

As I have said, we have every right to value our unique good fortune as a unique good fortune. We are naturally glad that a particular sort of garden could be made of our field, because it was not so much of a battlefield. We have more than enough to be proud of; but if we have nothing better to be proud of than mere remoteness from the riots of religion and politics, our self-satisfaction would be somewhat insufficient. Alaska was comparatively secure from the civil conflicts of the Italian cities. Timbuctoo was not shaken by the shock of the French Revolution. Spitzbergen has been the scene of no brawling theological councils, no anarchical proletarian revolts. The North Pole has no problems, except the problem of living there. But I doubt if we wish England to occupy a position so detached and so supreme.



CARRYING POSIES, AS DURING THE GREAT PLAGUE: MR. ALDERMAN EDWARD CECIL MOORE, LORD MAYOR-ELECT OF LONDON (CENTRE), AND THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR.

The election of the next Lord Mayor of London was carried out with ancient ceremonial on Michaelmas Day, and the choice fell upon Mr. Alderman Edward Cecil Moore. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and High Officers attended in the Guildhall in full state, and each bore a posy of flowers, as in the days of the Great Plague; while the dais was strewn with sweet herbs. The Lord Mayor-Elect, who was born in 1851, is a chartered accountant, and is the first member of his profession to be chosen Lord Mayor of London. The new Sheriffs are Mr. John Edward Kynaston Studd, President and Chairman of the Polytechnic; and Mr. Stephen Henry Molyneux Killik, a member of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, and an authority on the Argentine and its railways.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

their motto is, in the words that a traveller may see scribbled up in pencil on so many blank walls and fences in Italy, "Italia Vittoriosa." I daresay there may be a certain amount of Nietzschean nonsense mixed up with the militarism of some of them, as there probably was originally with the militarism of D'Annunzio. But it is precisely the difference between D'Annunzio and Nietzsche, both national and personal, that Nietzsche praised fighting and D'Annunzio fought. Anyhow, the Fascisti are conducting a sort of counter-revolution before the revolution. We may say in excuse for them that the revolution is really revolutionary. The second party are, I suppose, the Red International; but, as in most cases in such countries, the red is really red, while the internationalism is, in some ways, very national. It is very Italian in its intensity and sincerity. It is said that the Italian Bolsheviks nearly refused to recognise the Russian Bolsheviks as being Bolsheviks at all, because they wore top hats and were introduced to the King. They have, as elsewhere, the vigorous backing of a very real and just discontent with the modern monopolies and millionaires; but theirs is not the only way of resisting or reforming them. The Popular Party, which is the Catholic Party, also attacks these capitalist evils, but with precisely the contrary cure. It urges, what I have often urged here, that the cure for the concentration

Luxury in Sea Travel: A New Liner for India—the "City of Nagpur."

DECORATED IN LOUIS QUATORZE STYLE IN WHITE AND GREY: THE FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE IN THE "CITY OF NAGPUR," COMFORTABLE AND WELL LIGHTED.



A CHARMING OPEN-AIR LOUNGE, SPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE DURING THE TROPICAL PART OF THE VOYAGE: THE VERANDAH CAFÉ ADJOINING THE FIRST-CLASS SMOKE-ROOM.



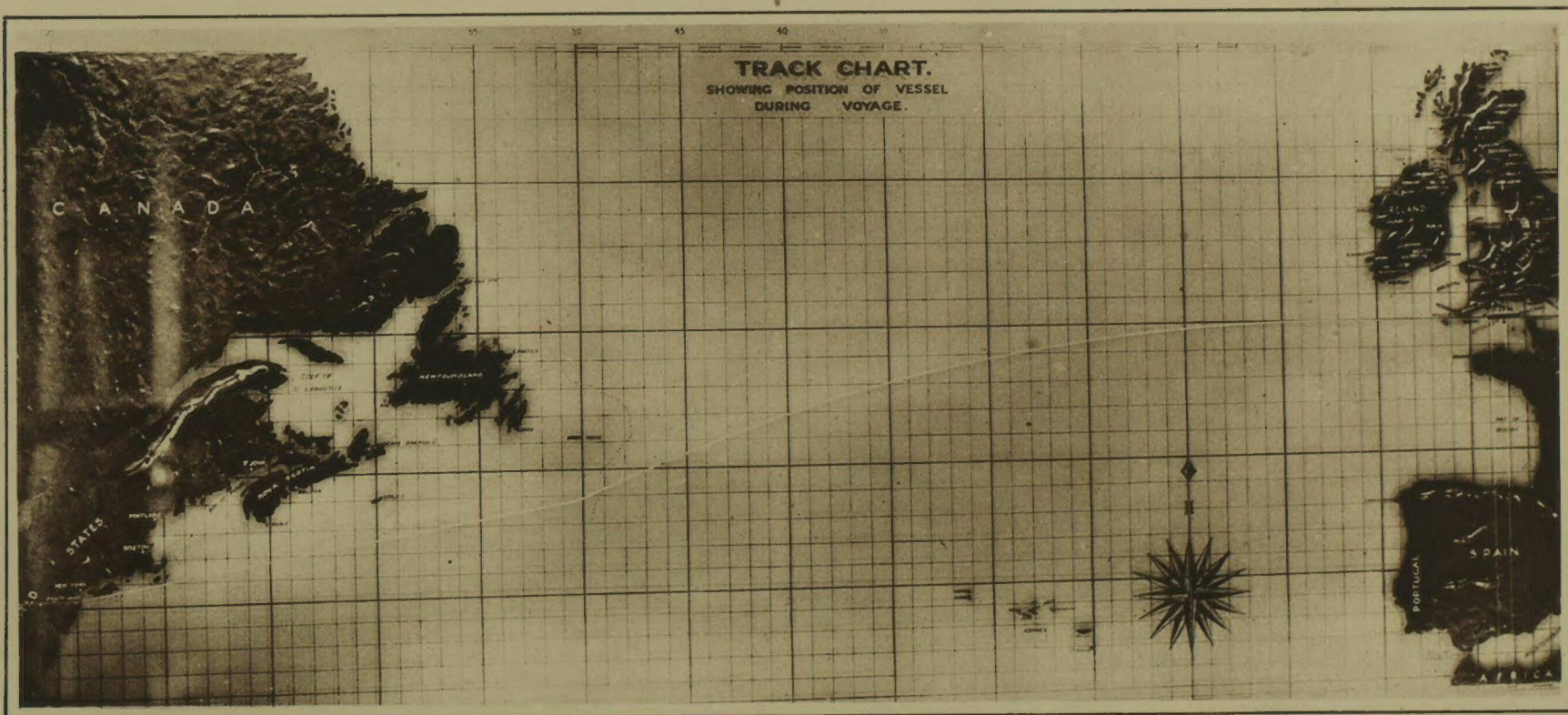
WITH WALL PANELLING IN THE TUDOR STYLE, AND TABLES FOR CARD GAMES AND WRITING: THE FIRST-CLASS SMOKE-ROOM IN THE "CITY OF NAGPUR."

The "City of Nagpur," a handsome new steamer of 10,200 tons, just completed for the Ellerman City Line, by Messrs. Workman, Clark and Co., Ltd., of Belfast, represents the acme of comfort and efficiency in modern sea travel. The new liner is designed for the Indian service, and is to leave Liverpool to-day (October 7) for Colombo and Calcutta. She is of the shelter-deck type, over 490 ft. long, built for the highest class at Lloyd's. She fulfils the Board of Trade requirements as a first-class passenger and cargo boat, and has the latest safety appliances, including



PROVIDED WITH BEDSTEADS INSTEAD OF BERTHS, AND A PORCELAIN WASH-BASIN WITH CONTINUOUS FRESH WATER: A FIRST-CLASS TWO-BERTH CABIN.

wireless, and boats for all. Accommodation is provided for 226 first-class and 92 second-class passengers. Both in the public rooms and the cabins, as our photographs show, there is an excellent combination of comfort and artistic taste. The lounge, for example, has luxurious easy chairs and settees, a piano, and a Wilton carpet. The verandah café adjoining the smoke-room, with its boxes of flowers and palms, makes a delightful open-air retreat in tropical weather. The dining-saloon, panelled in the Georgian style, extends almost the full width of the ship.

For Passengers to Follow the Progress of the Ship: A Novel Chart in an Atlantic Liner.

WITH A MOVABLE MODEL OF THE SHIP (SHOWN ON THE EXTREME RIGHT): A NEW TRACK-CHART IN THE "MAJESTIC" TO INDICATE HER POSITION WHILE CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

An interesting innovation on board the White Star liner "Majestic" is a track-chart of the Atlantic, with a model of the ship that can be moved across it to indicate to passengers her exact position at any moment during the voyage between Southampton and New York. The chart was invented by Commodore

C. A. Bartlett, C.B., D.B.E., Marine Superintendent of the White Star Line. In the photograph the model of the ship is shown in the English Channel, on the extreme right of the chart. Naturally, the model is not made to scale, and appears, in fact, larger than the Isle of Wight on the chart.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.]

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NOTABLE SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RENNISON (SEATON DELAVAL), TOPPING (RUTHERGLEN), C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND ALFIERI.



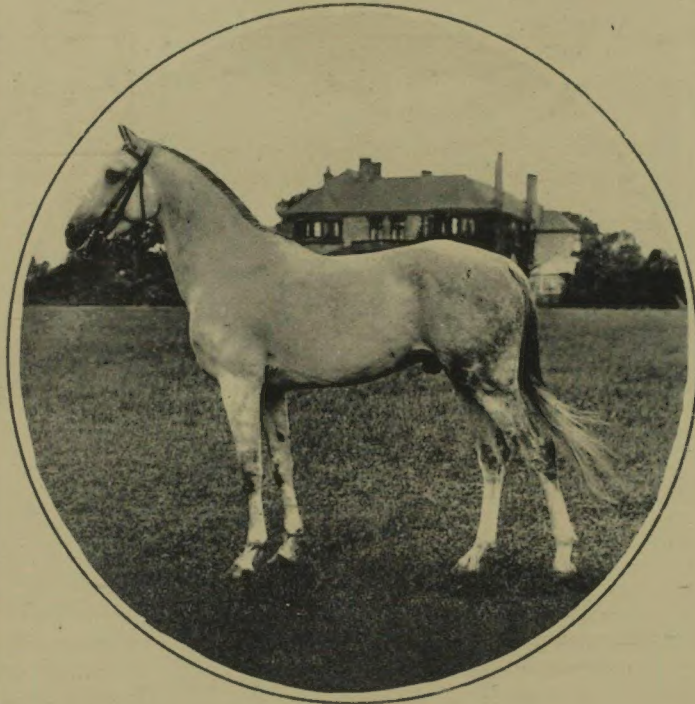
IN MEMORY OF 252 TOWNSMEN WHO FELL IN THE WAR:
THE UNVEILING OF THE MORPETH CENOTAPH.



AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE DUMBARTON CENOTAPH BY SIR IAN COLQUHOUN:
HIGHLANDERS SOUNDING THE "LAST POST."



A CURIOUS METHOD OF LANDING FOOD FOR GREEK TROOPS IN THRACE: BARRELS AND SEALED
BOXES FLOATING ASHORE ON THE CURRENTS, AT MEREFE.



WINNER OF THE ENDURANCE TEST (300 MILES IN 5 DAYS) OF THE
ARAB HORSE SOCIETY: MR. S. G. HOUGH'S STALLION, SHABIZADA.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NEW HOME NEAR THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL
WOLFE: CHATWELL, A DELIGHTFUL OLD HOUSE NEAR WESTERHAM.

War memorials continue to arise in various parts of the country. General Sir Ian Hamilton, who unveiled that of Cambuslang, on October 1, recently made a remarkable speech at a similar ceremony at Ashton-under-Lyne. "Further mischief is brewing," he said. "Patriots and profiteers are beginning to cry 'Prepare.' Christians are studying how to manufacture poison gas. There is no escape so long as this world remains the old Vanity Fair of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the money-changers in the Temple of Peace think more of mandates than mankind. . . . Through politics let us make it clear that we are in favour of forgiveness of debts, so that we ourselves may win forgiveness, if not from the U.S.A., at least from the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . The boys we are commemorating did not



A FAMOUS SOLDIER WHO ADVOCATES PEACE: SIR IAN HAMILTON SPEAKING AFTER
HAVING UNVEILED THE CAMBUSLANG WAR MEMORIAL.

die for reparations, nor for Mesopotamia, nor even for Jerusalem. They had hoped to kill war."—When the broken remnants of the Greek Third Corps, retreating from Anatolia, landed at Merefte, in Thrace, food was sent ashore for them in barrels and boxes, which the currents carried in.—The third annual endurance test of the Arab Horse Society, over a sixty-mile course between Lewes and Arundel, Sussex, each day for five days, was won by Mr. S. G. Hough's stallion, Shabizada, which was first two years ago. His time for the 300 miles, carrying 13 stone, was 37 hrs. 29 min.—Mr. Winston Churchill has just bought Chatwell, a charming old house near Westerham, in Kent, the town where General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, was born.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. N., BARRATT, LAFAYETTE, CLAUDE HARRIS, RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



A MUCH-DISCUSSED PERSONALITY:
SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF, G.C.B.



NEWLY APPOINTED TOWN CLERK
OF LIVERPOOL: MR. W. MOON.



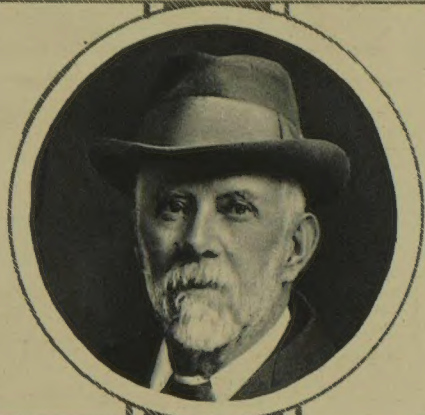
JUSTICE OF THE N.S.W. SUPREME
COURT: THE LATE SIR C. WADE.



COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCE AT
CHANAK: MAJOR-GENERAL T. O. MARDEN.



A WELL-KNOWN AND VERSATILE ACTOR:
THE LATE CHARLES GLENNEY.



FORMER M.P. FOR THE LEEK DIVISION OF
STAFFS: THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEARCE.



NEW SHERIFF OF THE CITY OF LONDON
MR. S. H. M. KILLIK.



TO MARRY THE EX-KAISER: THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS
HERMINE OF SCHÖNAICH CAROLATH—WITH HER ELDEST DAUGHTER.



NEW SHERIFF OF THE CITY OF LONDON:
MR. J. E. K. STUDD.



THE M.C.C. TEAM FOR NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA: A GROUP OF MEMBERS AND FRIENDS.

Left to right: Tyldesley (H.); C. H. Titchmarsh; Hon. D. F. Brand; G. Wilson; W. W. Hill-Wood; T. C. Lowry; A. C. MacLaren, Capt.; (H. D. G. Leveson-Gower); A. P. F. Chapman; (H. D. Swan); (Hon. Mrs. F. S. G. Calthorpe); Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe; Freeman (A. P.).

Sir Basil Zaharoff, financier and philanthropist, was born in 1850. He became G.B.E. in 1918, and G.C.B. in the following year.—The salary of the Town Clerk of Liverpool is £3300 a year. Mr. Moon was Clerk and Solicitor to the Metropolitan Water Board.—The Hon. Sir Charles Wade, K.C.M.G., was Justice of the New South Wales Supreme Court and formerly Agent-General in London. In the early 'eighties, he was one of the best-known Rugby football three-quarters.—It was reported from Chanak on September 30 that Major-General Marden had taken command of the forces at that place.—Mr. Charles Glenney, who was born in Glasgow in 1857, was well known as an actor in this country and in the United States. He had been ill for five years.—Our photograph

of Princess Hermine of Schönaich Carolath was taken on September 26 last. Her wedding to the ex-Kaiser is likely to take place next month, at Doorn.—Sir Robert Pearce always claimed that he was the pioneer of Daylight Saving; certainly in the House of Commons.—Mr. Killik is a well-known stockbroker and a member of the Committee of the Stock Exchange.—Mr. Studd is the famous cricketer, President and Chairman of the Polytechnic.—The M.C.C. Team consists of Messrs. MacLaren, Calthorpe, Wilson, A. C. Wilkinson, Chapman, Lowry, Titchmarsh, J. C. Maclean, Brand, C. H. Gibson, Hill-Wood, Colonel J. C. Hartley, Freeman, and Tyldesley. The above group shows ten members of the team and some friends, whose names are given in brackets under the photograph.

"EARTHQUAKE" BY EXPLOSION: A FORT STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



BURNT AND BLASTED BY THE EXPLOSION OF THE FORT ON MONTE FALCONARA: OLIVE GROVES DESTROYED AT SAN TEREZIO, NEAR SPEZIA.



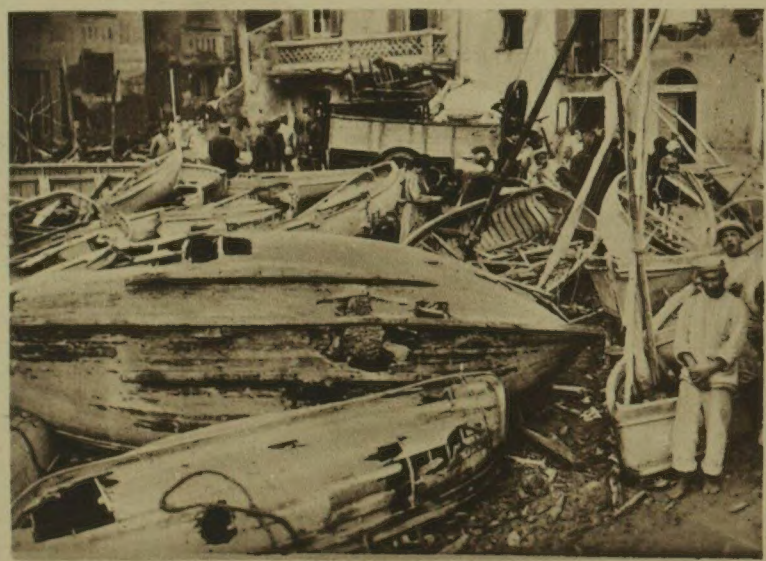
NOT ONE STONE LEFT UPON ANOTHER: ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE FALCONARA FORT, WHERE 1500 TONS OF EXPLOSIVES WERE DETONATED BY LIGHTNING.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION WHICH DAMAGED TOWNS AND BUILDINGS WITHIN A RADIUS OF EIGHT MILES: ROOFS TORN OFF AT SAN TEREZIO.



WHERE MANY HOUSES COLLAPSED AND WHOLE FAMILIES WERE BURIED IN THE DÉBRIS: SAN TEREZIO WRECKED BY THE EXPLOSION.



SHATTERED BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION WHICH DAMAGED MANY NEIGHBOURING VILLAGES: A PILE OF FISHING-BOATS NEAR THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.



VICTIMS OF A DISASTER IN WHICH NEARLY 150 PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND 600 INJURED: ROWS OF CORPSES LAID OUT INSIDE A CHURCH.

During a terrific storm in the early hours of September 28, lightning struck the fort on Monte Falconara, about eight miles from Spezia, on the Gulf of Genoa, and detonated the powder magazine, which contained 1500 tons of explosives. The fort itself, as our photograph shows, was absolutely obliterated, and the nearest village, San Terenzio, was almost entirely wrecked. Much damage was also caused in the neighbouring villages of Pitelli, Pugliola, Muggiano, and Lerici, while houses were shaken and windows broken in Spezia, Sarzana,

and other towns within a radius of eight miles. The roar of the explosion was heard ten miles away, and people rushed into the streets in pouring rain. In the villages near the fort, inhabited mostly by workmen employed at a steel-factory, and naval men stationed at Spezia, many houses collapsed and whole families were buried in the ruins. It was reported on the 29th that 144 bodies had already been recovered, and that the injured numbered 600. The district looked as if there had been an earthquake. Fine olive groves and other trees were burnt.

GREEK REVOLUTION PERSONALITIES: CONSTANTINE'S ABDICATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND TOPICAL.



INVITED BY THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT TO BE GENERAL ADVISER AND REPRESENTATIVE OF GREECE ABROAD: M. VENIZELOS, WITH HIS WIFE.



ABDICATED FOR THE SECOND TIME: EX-KING CONSTANTINE BETWEEN TWO OF HIS "KILTED" BODYGUARD.



GONE TO ITALY SINCE HIS SECOND ABDICATION: THE EX-KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE, WITH FOUR OF THEIR CHILDREN.



THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE: GEORGE II. AND HIS CONSORT (FORMERLY PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA).



WITH HIS AMERICAN WIFE (FORMERLY MRS. W. B. LEEDS): PRINCE CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE AND PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER.

As a result of the Greek revolution King Constantine has again abdicated the Greek throne, to which he returned in December 1920 after the downfall of M. Venizelos. In a proclamation issued on September 27, the ex-King said: "In order that my presence on the throne may not interfere with the sacred unity of the Hellenes and the assistance of our friends, and in order to avoid all misconception on the subject, I have abdicated. My elder son, George, will henceforth be your King." The new King, who has taken the title of George II., received the members of the Revolutionary Committee on September 30, and assured them that his father's abdication was sincere and that he would never again try to regain the throne. The new Queen of Greece is the eldest daughter of the King

and Queen of Roumania. The ex-Queen, Sophie, is a sister of the ex-Kaiser. With her and King Constantine in the family group above are (from left to right) Princess Helen (now Crown Princess of Roumania), Princess Catherine, Princess Irene, and Prince Paul of Greece. Prince Christopher, youngest brother of King Constantine, married in 1920 Mrs. W. B. Leeds, widow of an American millionaire. It was suggested at one time that he might become King if Prince George did not accept the crown. On September 30 King Constantine (travelling as Count Acharnon) and Queen Sophie, with Princess Catherine, embarked at Oropus in the "Patris" for Italy. M. Venizelos arrived in London from Paris on September 30.



AFTER THE GREAT FIRE AT SMYRNA: BURNT-OUT BUILDINGS IN THE FRENCH QUARTER, SHOWING THE THEATRE AND FRENCH CONSULATE.



AT THE ORIENTAL CARPET MANUFACTURERS' OFFICES: A BRITISH GUARD.



SHOWING THE TURKISH QUARTER, ON MOUNT PAGUS, BEYOND: BURNT-OUT BUILDINGS IN SMYRNA—FROM THE SACRÉ CŒUR COLLEGE.



TRAINED ON REFUGEES, BUT NEVER FIRED: A TURKISH MACHINE-GUN ON THE FRONT AT SMYRNA.

A SQUARE MILE OF DESTRUCTION AND MANY MILLION POUNDS DAMAGE: SMYRNA AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

THE area destroyed in Smyrna by the great fire was about a square mile, and included the European, Greek, and Armenian quarters. The Turkish quarter on Mount Pagus, and the Jewish quarter, remained unharmed. In the European quarter a few houses escaped, and also the Latin cathedral of St. John, but the French establishments at St. Polycarp were burnt. The actual damage in terms of money was incalculable, but certainly amounted to many millions of pounds, apart from the possibly greater losses due to cessation of trade. As regards the number of victims who lost their lives, it was believed that several thousand Armenians and others were killed before the fire, and that many more perished in the flames or were drowned or trampled to death in the resulting panic. Our photographs show chiefly the havoc wrought in the French quarter. The French Consul-General at Smyrna reported on September 20 that, so far as he could ascertain, no French citizen had lost his life.

(Continued opposite.)

(Continued.)

In the fire. On October 2 the "Daily Telegraph" stated: "Very favourable news has come to hand in regard to the embarkation of refugees from the Smyrna area. No reply has been given to the request made to the Turks for an extension of time, but the work is still proceeding, and was not stopped on September 30, as threatened by the Turkish authorities. The approximate total of refugees of all nationalities evacuated is 177,000. This has been done mainly in Greek ships under American control and in British ships. The total number evacuated by combined British and American effort between September 26 and 29 was 146,700, including 5700 from Chios. With regard to the latter number (from the peninsula near Smyrna), a French ship assisted in the work of evacuation. The brunt of the work of controlling the loading at Smyrna has been undertaken by his Majesty's ship "Curago," and it has been found possible to handle from 30,000 to 40,000 refugees daily, together with their baggage. Great assistance has been given by American military ratings. A good deal of organisation has been necessary, and, in order to expedite the work, stout barriers have had to be erected to prevent rushes of these distraught and wretched people to the boats. The work of organising supplies and feeding the refugees has been carried on with great energy and zeal by the American Relief Committee."



DEVASTATING EFFECTS OF THE GREAT FIRE IN SMYRNA: A STREET IN THE FRENCH QUARTER, WITH WRECKED BUILDINGS.



A SCENE OF UTTER DESOLATION: WRECKAGE OF A STREET IN THE FRENCH QUARTER AT SMYRNA, AFTER THE FIRE.



BRIGANDS, OF WHOM SEVERAL ENTERED SMYRNA, MARCHING ALONG THE FRONT.



AMONG THE RUINS OF SMYRNA DEVASTATED BY THE GREAT FIRE: A HEAP OF DEBRIS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE FRENCH HOSPITAL.



INTERVIEWING THE TURKISH M.C.O. IN CHARGE OF THE MACHINE-GUN: CAPTAIN NASMITH, V.C., OF THE "IRON DUKE."



WAITING FOR BOATS TO TAKE THEM OFF: A GROUP OF HOMELESS REFUGEES ON A LIGHTER USED AS AN EMBARKATION PONTOON.

KEMAL PASHA'S ENVOY AT MUDANIA: THE TURKISH COMMANDER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MME. BERTHE GEORGES GAULIS.



DESIGNATED TO MEET GENERALS HARRINGTON, CHARPY, AND MOMBELLI AT MUDANIA, TO "DETERMINE QUESTIONS OF URGENCY": GENERAL ISMET PASHA, COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH WESTERN ARMIES, WITH HIS STAFF.

In answer to the collective Allied Note of September 23, addressed to the Angora Government by Great Britain, France, and Italy, a telegram was received in Paris on October 1 from Yusuf Pasha, the Angora Minister for Foreign Affairs. After stating that an official reply to the Note would arrive in a few days, and that orders had been given to stop military operations, he went on to say: "As to the convocation at Mudania of a conference of the Allied generals in order to determine questions of urgency in accordance with the desires and proposals of

the Entente Powers, the meeting of this conference is proposed for October 3, 1922. General Ismet Pasha, Commander of the Armies on the Western Front, is personally designated to represent us at the conference at Mudania. If the date suggested is convenient, I shall be glad if you will designate generals to attend the conference and inform us of their names." The above photograph of General Ismet Pasha, with his staff, was taken recently at Ak-Cheir, south-west of Afium Kara-Hissar. The Allied generals chosen to meet him are shown opposite.

THE MILITARY CONFERENCE AT MUDANIA: THE ALLIED REPRESENTATIVES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERCOLE (PATHÉ NEWS).



ALLIED LEADERS WHO ARRANGED TO MEET IZMET PASHA AT MUDANIA: (LEFT TO RIGHT) GENERAL MOMBELLI (ITALY), SIR CHARLES HARINGTON (BRITAIN), ALLIED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AND GENERAL CHARPY (FRANCE).

The meeting of military leaders at Mudania on October 3, when Generals Harington, Charpy, and Mombelli arranged to meet the Turkish Commander, General Izmet Pasha, was designed to settle matters of urgency as a preliminary to a formal peace conference. It was held in accordance with the collective Allied Note of September 23 to the Angora Government, which concluded as follows: The three Allied Governments will use their influence to procure, before the opening of the Conference, the retirement of the Greek forces to a line to be fixed by the Allied

generals in accord with the Greek and Turkish military authorities. In return for this intervention, the Government of Angora will undertake not to send troops, either before or during the Conference, into the zones provisionally declared neutral, and not to cross the Straits or the Sea of Marmora. In order to fix the above-mentioned line, a meeting might immediately take place between Mustapha Kemal and the Allied generals at Mudania or Ismid." The above photograph was taken on the balcony of the Allied headquarters at Constantinople.

THE CHIEF DANGER-POINT ON THE DARDANELLES: CHANAK.

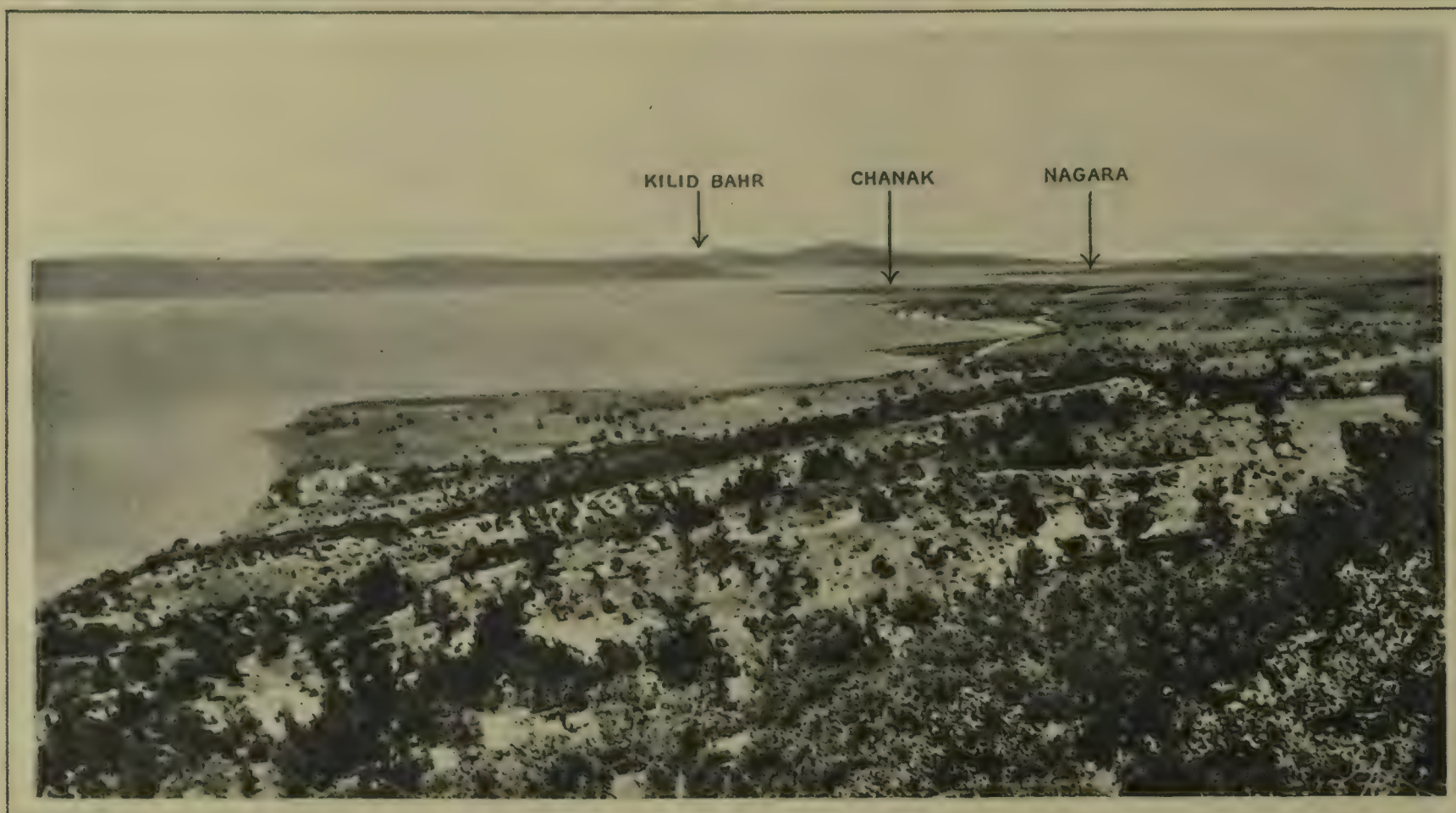
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



CENTRE OF THE FAMOUS NEUTRAL ZONE ON THE ASIATIC SIDE OF THE STRAITS: CHANAK—PART OF THE SEA FRONT.



SHOWING THE NARROWS IN THE DISTANCE: A VIEW OF CHANAK TAKEN FROM THE HILLS AT THE BACK OF THE TOWN.



SEEN FROM HIGH GROUND AT ERENKEUI, RECENTLY EVACUATED BY THE TURKS: A PANORAMA OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE DARDANELLES, SHOWING CHANAK IN THE DISTANCE; AND THE WIDTH OF THE NARROWS.



NEARLY OPPOSITE CHANAK: THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE IMPERIAL WAR GRAVES COMMISSION AT KELIA, ON THE EUROPEAN SHORE.



WITH A PARTY OF BRITISH SOLDIERS PASSING ALONG IT: A STREET IN THE TOWN OF CHANAK.

Throughout the Near East crisis, the neutral zone of Chanak, near the entrance to the Dardanelles on the Asiatic side, has been the principal danger-point. It will be remembered that the French and Italian troops there were withdrawn, and the British alone remained in occupation. Turkish forces on several occasions crossed the neutral border and were requested to retire. On October 2 it was announced that the Turks had evacuated Erenkeui on the Dardanelles, nearer the entrance, but had not yet withdrawn from Chanak, though their behaviour there was less disquieting. At the same time the Angora Foreign Minister said in his telegram,

received in Paris on October 1, agreeing to a parley of generals at Mudania: "The order has been given immediately to stop our military operations, which were developed uninterruptedly in the direction of Constantinople and Chanak Kale in pursuit of the Greek Army." Previous reports had said that Chanak was practically surrounded by Kemalist cavalry, and that on September 29 a mobile column sent to seize the high ground overlooking the town had been forestalled by a squadron of the 3rd Hussars. On the 30th the command of the British forces there was taken over by Major-General Marden.

AFTER THE GREEK *DÉBÂCLE*: TROOPS WHO SUPPORTED REVOLUTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



BIVOUACKED IN THE OPEN WITHOUT SHELTER: MEN OF THE THIRD GREEK ARMY CORPS ON THE SEA FRONT AT RODOSTO, AFTER CROSSING THE SEA OF MARMORA FROM MUDANIA IN THE RETREAT FROM ASIA MINOR.



DEMORALISED AND DISAFFECTED BY THE RETREAT: A GROUP OF GREEK SOLDIERS AT RODOSTO DEMONSTRATING BEFORE THEIR GENERAL, DEMANDING DEMOBILISATION AND CLAMOURING FOR A REPUBLIC.

After the disaster in Asia Minor resulting in the fall of Smyrna and the retreat of the Greek Army, some of the troops were brought back to Europe across the Sea of Marmora, from Mudania, on the Asiatic shore, to Rodosto, on the northern and European shore, at present included in Greek territory as part of Thrace. The upper photograph shows men of the Third Greek Army Corps on the sea-front at Rodosto immediately after their arrival. Owing to the haste of the withdrawal, no adequate arrangements had been made, and they were bivouacked

in the open without shelter. The men were naturally demoralised, and some of them demonstrated before their leader, demanding demobilisation and a republic in Greece. It was reported that, during the retreat, whole sections of the Greek Army "went on strike," so to speak, destroyed or abandoned war material, and embarked without ever having seen the enemy. M. Venizelos is said to regard the revolution as due to the Army's disappointment at the condition in which it was left by ex-King Constantine's Government, which failed to provide supplies.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

LIFE, or the eternal unfitness of things, is often blamed for not bringing the right people together at the right moment for some particular piece of work. However loudly the successful organiser may boast that he can always put his finger on the men or women he wants, his neatest schemes, being human, are apt to break down, and the projector's chagrin is heightened by the knowledge that somewhere in the world the very people he requires are walking about unknown to him and to each other. Utopian dreamers have imagined a Co-ordination Bureau, god-like in knowledge and skill, ready on application (and presumably the payment of a moderate fee) to make the ideal combination and keep the world going round with a smoothness denied to that more romantic driving force of which Béranger sang. Such a benevolent Public Office or Department remains a pious hope, but now and then even in a blundering world Time and Chance throw up the great exception to the rule, and by an easy and apparently inevitable stroke set the right man to his predestined task.

That men should "find their account" after a struggle is not uncommon, but that they should slide gently into their appointed niche at the first overture is rare enough, especially in the world of letters, to seem like a fairy tale. On this page I have more than once girded at novelists who bring a young writer to instant and overwhelming success (in an obscure and now deservedly forgotten story, I once played the same rash trick myself, so that it is a case of Satan reproving sin), but the thing does happen in real life, and the authentic record of this exceptional good fortune will be found in "THE ADVENTURE OF LIVING" (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.), by Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*. The book is Mr. Strachey's subjective autobiography.

The *Spectator* has been the pivot of Mr. Strachey's life, and must be, he says, the pivot of his book. He was brought up in a *Spectator* atmosphere, for his father, Sir Edward Strachey of Sutton Court, was a friend of both the joint editors, Mr. Hutton and Mr. Meredith Townsend, and was a frequent contributor to the paper. There, in 1875-76, Mr. St. Loe Strachey made his first appearance in print with two sonnets, but he began his serious journalistic work in the *Saturday Review*. In 1885, a year and a half after he had left Oxford, when he was reading for the Bar, he called on the editors of the *Spectator*, who made it quite clear that they had already more

joint-editorship or joint-proprietorship. Mr. Strachey's second political leader had the great good fortune to be quoted with appreciation by Lord Granville in a speech to a deputation.

This urbane autobiography is far more than a romance of journalism. It is "heart-affluence in discursive talk" of life, literature, Society, education, religion, and high politics. Every page of



AN OLD WELSH STRONGHOLD BOUGHT BY AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT: ST. DONAT'S CASTLE—THE LADY ANNE TOWER.

St. Donat's Castle, a picturesque thirteenth-century stronghold on the coast of Glamorganshire, has just been bought by Mr. Richard E. Pennoyer, First Secretary of the American Embassy in Berlin. It was owned for 700 years by the Stradling (originally Esterling) family, who came to England about 1090. The gatehouse has shoots for pouring molten lead on the heads of assailants, and a portcullis.

By Courtesy of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. Photographs by Lock and Whitfield (Ealing).

the memoir reflects its author's distinction and his eclectic taste in men and books.

The burlesque novel has found a new exponent in Mr. E. A. Wyke Smith, who brings a very light touch to his difficult task. This form of composition is peculiarly hard to keep up, for the writer runs the risk of being so entirely carried away by his theme that what began as parody or ridicule may end as serious story-telling. Fielding himself fell a victim to this temptation. He started "Joseph Andrews" as a satirical off-take of Richardson's "Pamela"; but, as Thackeray notes, "he is himself of so generous, jovial, and kindly a turn that he begins to like the characters which he invents, can't help making them manly and pleasant as well as ridiculous, and before he has done with them all, loves them every one." That does not happen with Mr. Wyke Smith, any more than it happened with Thackeray himself when he wrote "A Legend of the Rhine," "Novels by Eminent Hands," and kindred burlesques. Both writers keep their tongue in their cheek very consistently throughout, with this difference—that while W. M. T.'s satirical intention could never be mistaken, Mr. Wyke Smith's might possibly elude the unsuspecting reader.

Those who enjoyed the peculiar humour of this author's "Some Pirates and Marmaduke," may have wondered whether the trick could be played twice with equal success. The choicest fun of "Marmaduke" lay in its ingenious spoof. It was a burlesque of the "Treasure Island" type of story, but so cunningly written that some might have read it in good faith as a straightforward tale of adventure on the high seas. Even those who missed the burlesque could still find a good entertainment. It is doubtful whether the same may be said of the author's new book, "CAPTAIN QUALITY" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), except in the few passages that introduce seamen of a rude and engaging simplicity. This time Mr. Wyke Smith is chiefly concerned with gentlemen of the road and men of fashion. The high-toby vein does not seem to suit him quite so well as the Jolly Roger, and, although the scenes of eighteenth-century fashion have the right accent, the entertainment they provide depends so much upon knowledge of "Evelina" and "Clarissa," that one wonders how much is left for the reader who does not catch the parody. But I am assured by

a young friend, not deeply versed in Miss Burney and Mr. Richardson, that "Captain Quality" is "topping," and, indeed, preferable to "Marmaduke," not only as sly fun, but also as a good story. This verdict may owe something to Macneath's revived popularity. So, then, our critical misgivings are probably wide of the mark, and Mr. Wyke Smith has scored another bull's-eye.

Specimens of a departed jester's wit have been collected into an agreeable volume that is better adapted for occasional dipping into than for consecutive reading. This is "ODDS AND ENDS OF A LEARNED CLERK" (John Lane; 5s.), by the late Arthur Eckersley, who was for many years Chief of Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks, those acute gentlemen (and ladies) who review books for the national humourist. Mr. Eckersley contributed also to other columns of *Punch*, and it is from his general articles that the present selection has been made. The reprinted pieces afford as good pastime as they did on their original appearance, and everyone who had come to like and look out for these learned and clerkly *jeux d'esprit*, will be glad to possess the book.

It must be an open secret to those who have followed *Punch* attentively that Mr. Eckersley's distinctive touch made "Our Booking Office" the unique thing it is in current literary criticism. That familiar feature of the London Charivari has an interesting history. It began on Oct. 8, 1887, over the signature of "Book Worm," and took the place of "Turning Over New Leaves, by our Own Paper Knifer." For a time Mr. Punch permitted his Booking Officer to ring many changes on his signature. On his second appearance he was "Your Own Book Worm," on his third he remained anonymous, on his fourth he was "Our Own Book Worm," and on his fifth he had become "Your Own Baron de Book Worms," a Burnandesque jape on an eminent peer's name. Thereafter he played a Protean rôle: signing himself variously Theopompus, Baron de Book Worms; Polixenes, Baron de Book Worms; or the Bold, the Brave, the Eccentric Baron de Book Worms, as the spirit moved him. "Baron de Book Worms" (simply) occurred on Dec. 24, 1887, and "The Baron de Book Worms" which was to become the regular signature for many years, first appeared under a detached notice on July 7, 1888. On Nov. 17 of that year the reviewer confessed to plurality of Booking-Office critics by signing "The Baron de Book Worms and Co." This had been foreshadowed in an earlier notice of Christ-



BUILT IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY BY SIR WILLIAM DE ESTERLING: ST. DONAT'S CASTLE—THE APPROACH ACROSS THE COURTYARD.

reviewers than they could find work for. Out of friendship for his father, however, they asked Mr. St. Loe Strachey to take away two books for notice.

The recruit sent in reviews of such a quality that his editors hailed him as "a writer and critic of the first force."

From that time he got books regularly from the paper, and improved his acquaintance with the editors. The following year he was asked to succeed Mr. Asquith as a regular leader-writer. Again his first shots told, and brought him a permanent appointment on the staff with the ultimate prospect of a



PROVIDED WITH WIDE SHOOTS FOR MOLTEN LEAD: THE ANCIENT GATEHOUSE OF ST. DONAT'S CASTLE, WITH PORTCULLIS STILL WORKABLE.

mas Books (Dec., 1887), written in verse and signed "Morris-Browning-Austin-Swinburne-Tennyson."

Plurality was also openly acknowledged by frequent quotations from "my Baronite," a deputy reviewer. At Christmas, 1891, the Baron described himself as "the Jovial," probably his last addition of an epithet to his usual sign-manual. In 1906 he sported initials only, surrounding a Great Seal, which bore the effigy of Burnand. The seal was never used after Feb. 21, 1906. That was the last of the Baron, and "Our Booking Office" was left unsigned until May 30, 1906, when "Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks" made its bow to the public.

OF "IVANHOE" FAME: A HISTORIC HOUSE BECOME CIVIC PROPERTY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERMISSION OF "COUNTRY LIFE."



IN THE BIRTHPLACE OF DARNLEY: COATS OF ARMS IN THE DINING-ROOM AT TEMPLE NEWSAM, SHOWING THE MOTTO "AVANT DARNLEY JAMAIS DARRIERE."



ASSOCIATED WITH "THE FATHER OF FOX-HUNTING": TEMPLE NEWSAM—THE MAGNIFICENT UPPER STAIRWAY, SHOWING TWO PICTURES OF HOUNDS.



ACQUIRED BY THE CORPORATION OF LEEDS FROM THE HON. EDWARD WOOD, M.P., WHO HAS PRESENTED TO THE CITY MANY OF ITS HISTORIC PICTURES AND ART TREASURES: TEMPLE NEWSAM—THE EAST AND WEST CORNERS.

Temple Newsam, a fine old historic mansion near Leeds, has just been acquired by the Corporation from its owner, the Hon. Edward Wood, M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Colonies, who has made a munificent gift to the city of many pictures and other art treasures which it contains, to remain there as a public possession. His idea was that it should be to Leeds, Yorkshire, and the North what Hampton Court is to London and the South. Temple Newsam is famous in literature as the "Templestowe" of Scott's "Ivanhoe," and it is no less celebrated in history. It takes its name from a Preceptory of the Knights Templar. On the suppression of the Order it passed to the Darcys, and later was granted by Henry VIII. to his niece, the Countess of Lennox. At Temple

Newsam was born Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, and husband of Mary Queen of Scots. In the left-hand upper photograph above is seen a coat of arms (on the left) with the motto—"Avant Darnley Jamais DARRIERE." On the accession of James I. (Darnley's son), Temple Newsam became the property of Sir Arthur Ingram, who rebuilt it. His son was created Viscount Irwin, and it remained in that family to the end of the eighteenth century, when it passed to three daughters of the last Lord Irwin. One of them married Mr. Meynell, of Hoar Cross, "the Father of Fox-hunting." The other two married Lord Hertford and Lord William Gordon, brother of Lord George Gordon, of "Gordon Riots" fame. The owner of the house before Mr. Wood was Mrs. Meynell Ingram.

NECK AND NECK IN A RACE WITH A

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY M. MAXWELL, F.Z.S., FROM THE 1922



CAR: WILD GIRAFFES AT FULL GALLOP.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN



"A MIXTURE OF GRACE AND EXTREME UNGAINLINESS": A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

The Natural History Section of the sixty-seventh annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, at 35, Russell Square (open till October 23), contains a large number of interesting studies, of which we reproduce here one of the most striking, taken in Africa by Mr. M. Maxwell, F.Z.S. It is entitled, "Wild giraffes at full gallop, travelling at about thirty miles per hour. Snapped from a Ford car running alongside." Our readers may recall that some similar photographs of giraffes in their native wilds, by Mr. F. Russell Roberts, appeared in our issue of January 10, 1920. Describing their

TAKEN FROM A MOTOR-CAR, OF WILD GIRAFFES GALLOPING AT ABOUT 30 MILES AN HOUR.

peculiar gait when running, Mr. Roberts said: "The giraffe galloping is an amusing sight, a mixture of grace and extreme ungainliness." The huge neck sways backwards and forwards, and the lumbering stride seems to get the animal very slowly over the ground. But in reality the pace is quite good. The whole aspect suggests an India-rubber lamp-post in motion. They carry their tails in the air, the large tassels with which they are adorned dangling over their backs." Of their habits he writes: "They are usually found in small herds of six to a dozen; but sometimes thirty or more are seen together."

The Best of the Book

UNDER THE WASM OF IBN SA'UD: IN WAHHABILAND.*

FOR the best part of an adventurous year Mr. Philby was the sole representative of Great Britain in the heart of Arabia—"the bearer to the Arabs of Wahhabiland of that great message of goodwill which went forth in the dark days of the war to assure a proud race long ground down under the heel of the Ottoman Turk of the freedom which awaited it when the storm should be gone." His task demanded knowledge, courage, patience, and diplomacy of a high order, for he was an unbeliever received with both courtesy and suspicion, as one who did not pray at the appointed times. At the fort of Bahra, for example, the religious barrier was made obvious. Mr. Philby noted of the incident: "Musa'id, hot and dusty, now came up and set the wires buzzing to Mecca and Jidda with bulletins of our progress. I suggested sending a telegram to Baghdad, but he met me with the objection that it would never do for an infidel to send a message over the wires of the Holy Land." And at Dam, the capital of the mysterious Wadi Dawasir, opposition took form serious enough for him to recall: "In a moment we were abreast of the town, and for five minutes—five minutes of the acutest tension I have ever experienced—we marched in grim silence along its southern wall under the sullen glare of its assembled people, knowing that the cry of a single fanatic or a madman's shot might precipitate a crisis in face of which, commanded as we were by every roof, we should have been powerless." So hostile was the atmosphere, so willingly would many of the Faithful have earned a sure passport straight to Paradise by slaying an infidel, that even Sum'an ibn Matraha, chief of the Rashid section of the 'Arqa, who sat next to the traveller at the Governor's breakfast, was moved to say, in quite friendly fashion, "'Ibn Sa'ud ghassabna 'ala shaufatah'—Ibn Sa'ud has forced us to look upon you, but had it been otherwise we had rather slit your weasand."

Ibn Sa'ud—that was the magic name: 'Abdul'aziz ibn 'Abdulahman ibn Faisal al Sa'ud, Imam of the Wahhabi sect and ruler of Wahhabiland, benevolent despot dealing patriarchally with a people who are so stout a bulwark of puritan spiritualism that they have "proctors" to ensure that observances are followed, that such rules as that forbidding smoking are not set at defiance; and so to it that the Great Mosque at Riyadh is plain: "The roofs are without ornamentation, being encircled by a low parapet with a low stepped structure of very ungainly appearance near the centre of the north side to serve as a minaret, for minarets of the types known to other Muslim countries are anathema to the puritan Wahhabis, who regard any embellishment of their praying-places as the work of the Devil."

A remarkable man, this great desert chief, the most powerful opponent of Husain, King of the Hijaz, whose unauthorised assumption of the title "King of the Arab Countries" he bitterly resents and challenges. Let Mr. Philby describe him: "It did not take me long to realise that Ibn Sa'ud was a man of inexhaustible energy, a man who put the affairs of his State above all other considerations, and spared neither himself nor his subordinates in the ordering thereof; endowed with a splendid physique and with a stature rarely attained by Arabs—for he stands about six feet three inches, and looks considerably taller by reason of the simple flowing robes which he affects—he restricts himself to but few hours of sleep, perhaps four hours at night and two during the day, and to such recreation only as the demands upon his time permit . . . the remaining hours are fully taken up by the duties which devolve upon him as the ruler of the land, and in the administration of his household, in which he always takes the keenest personal interest, mindful, perhaps, of the experience of his predecessors, which has taught him that a monarch who is at the same time a *paterfamilias* on a large

scale cannot with impunity neglect the cultivation of close personal relations with the members of his own family."

The *paterfamilias* is well developed in Ibn Sa'ud: he is, and has been, very much married. "'Why is it,' asked Ibn Sa'ud, 'that you English allow divorces to be so difficult? Among us, when a wife no longer pleases us, we get rid of her by thrice repeating a simple word: "Talli, talli, talli"; that is enough. *Wallah*, in my lifetime I have married five-and-seventy wives'" (Mr. Philby adds: "The number is now, I believe, above a hundred") "' . . . and now, with the great losses caused by the war, assuredly the time will come when the people of Europe shall take more wives than one."

"Those of his wives who establish a claim to special consideration by bearing him children, whether

merciless visitation of wrath in alliance with generous pardon after punishment.

His action at Hufuf was characteristic. In the spring of 1914 Wahhabis attacked, and the Turkish commandant and his officers, with their wives and families, and certain of the garrison, took refuge in the mosque of Ibrahim Pasha, which it was proposed to hold. "The gates of the town and the Kut were opened to Ibn Sa'ud the following morning by his own men . . . a mine was rapidly driven under the floor of the mosque, all available powder was collected and placed in position, and the commandant received a politely worded ultimatum. He did not hesitate long in making his choice between the alternatives of unconditional surrender and sudden death."

Thus work the hosts of Wahhabiland when they direct their marches and halts by a symbol of their God—"the banner of the true faith by day and a lamp raised aloft in its place by night." Perhaps it is as well that Ibn Sa'ud can say to an unruly envoy: "If you wish my friendship, do as I bid you or, *Wallah*! I will fight you; I will not embroil myself with the English on your account or let you profit by the supplies which they command, for unto them God has given ships and guns and dynamite to blow up their foes with." Assuredly it was well that Mr. Philby journeyed under the protection of the ruler's *wasm*—the sign of his property!

With the Turk in mind, another quotation is of moment. First, it should be explained that the *Ikhwan* is a sort of secret society, the Wahhabi Brotherhood, or inner circle. "What," asked Mr. Philby of Ibn Sa'ud, "is the real attitude of the *Ikhwan* towards your alliance with the British?"

"It is not true," he replied, "that they are hostile to you, for according to our creed you are *Ahl Kitab* [People of a Book: Christians and Jews, as opposed to idolaters] and not *Mushrikin*, or infidels, against whom alone is the hatred of the Wahhabis directed. But there are many among my people, chiefly among the townsfolk, who, having travelled or been educated abroad, sympathise with the Turks as the representatives of *Islam*, and are therefore hostile towards the British." There is one of the world problems! But Mr. Philby, writing in 1919, before the withdrawal of the Yaman from Ottoman jurisdiction and before rebellion in Mesopotamia temporarily disturbed that country, was able to say: "In no problem have the Turks failed so signally as in the management and understanding of the Arab tribes; on the Hai, on the Euphrates, in the Hasa, in the Yaman, in the Hijaz, to mention only a few outstanding examples, the Turkish flag has ever flown precariously over a scene of anarchy, rapine, and disorder. Peace now reigns where it never reigned before; everywhere there is

a silent savage joy, deep-rooted in the hearts of men, that the Turks are gone and with them the grinding tyranny of their official rapacity. Wadi Fatima is as safe for the traveller as the roads of the Hasa; in 'Iraq the savage hastens to forge his sword into a ploughshare; in the Yaman alone the canker still remains, though its days are numbered."

It is, of course, impossible to give any reasonable précis of "The Heart of Arabia." Suffice it that it is an outstanding book of travel, an engrossing record of wanderings between the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, often over ground hitherto unexplored; the chronicle of a trained observer and geographer, the first white man to set eyes on the



WITH UNORNAMENTED ROOFS AND AN UNGAINLY STRUCTURE TO SERVE AS MINARET, THE WAHHABIS REGARDING ANY EMBELLISHMENT OF THEIR PRAYING-PLACES AS THE WORK OF THE DEVIL: THE GREAT MOSQUE AT RIYADH.

"The roofs are without ornamentation, being encircled by a low parapet with a low stepped structure of very ungainly appearance near the centre of the north side to serve as a minaret, for minarets of the types known to other Muslim countries are anathema to the puritan Wahhabis, who regard any embellishment of their praying-places as the work of the Devil."

subsequently divorced or not, are provided by Ibn Sa'ud with houses and establishments of their own in which to bring up their royal children, and are not as a general rule passed on to other husbands, as is the case with divorced wives who have borne no children. The mother of Turki, the heir to the throne, lived at this time in single state with her son, having long been divorced by Ibn Sa'ud, who generally has three wives at a time and keeps the fourth vacancy open to be filled temporarily by any girl to whom he may take a fancy during his expeditions abroad."



INCLUDING IBN SA'UD, THE VERY POWERFUL IMAM OF THE WAHHABI SECT, AND RULER OF WAHHABILAND: A ROYAL GROUP AT RIYADH.

Royal children are in front. Behind (left to right) are Faisal ibn Hashr, Faisal ibn Rashid, Ibn Sa'ud himself, Sa'ul ibn 'Abdul 'Aziz al 'Arafa, Turki ibn Sa'ud, Sa'ud ibn 'Abdul Rahman ibn Sa'ud, and two other members of the royal family.

Illustrations Reproduced from "The Heart of Arabia," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co.

Thus he obeys the wife-limiting ordinance of his Belief.

Of the other traits of his character Mr. Philby has much that is illuminating. He sums up: "Amid the uncertainties of Arab politics and prejudices Ibn Sa'ud alone—a single human life—stood between order and chaos. He stood there not as of right, but by reason of the virtue that was in him, and he never forgot that his throne was set in the crater of a volcano amid all the paraphernalia of combustion. . . . In these circumstances he has earned the reputation of striking hard and quick at the root of every potential trouble";

mysterious valley of the Dawasir, and incidentally of one who challenges determinedly and in detail the long-accepted authority, William Gifford Palgrave, arguing his conclusion that Palgrave was utterly unreliable and that his claim to have travelled from Riyadh to Kharfa, for example, "should be regarded as an impudent attempt at imposture." Mr. Philby certainly deserves to have his face whitened—"Among the Wahhabis those who distinguish themselves in battle are rewarded by public acclamation in the formula: '*Baiyidh Allah wajhhu*' (May God whiten his face—i.e., in Paradise)." E. H. G.

* "The Heart of Arabia." By H. St. J. B. Philby, C.I.E., I.C.S., etc., Chief British Representative, Trans-Jordania, Formerly Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior, Mesopotamia. Two volumes. Illustrated, and with Maps. (Constable and Co.; 63s.)



ANTICIPATION.

Mr. Lionel Edwards, the well-known sporting artist, here pictures a young polo pony looking on at the game in which he is destined later to play his part. Who can say what is stirring in his brain? Hereditary instinct is strong in animals, and it may be that he is observing the proceedings with intelligent anticipation.

Very special qualities are required of a polo pony, and he is thoroughly schooled before being taken into his first game, one of the slow cantering type, when he is four years old. Not until he has reached the age of five is he allowed, as a rule, to take part in a regular match.

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"A FIND IN THE HEATHER": CUBBING ON EXMOOR.

As autumn advances, the thoughts of sportsmen begin to turn to the prospects of the hunting season. Meanwhile, Masters and their packs are already enjoying the delights of cub-hunting, by means of which young hounds are trained. "Cubbing" has been described as "the rehearsal of the more serious business of

November." The date of commencement (generally the first week in September) varies in different parts of the country, according to the harvest and condition of the ground. In plough land it is usual to wait until most of the corn is carried, but in woodlands and grass countries cubbing can begin as soon as weather permits.

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THE HABITANT OF THE LONELY MOORS: A "PACK" OF GROUSE.

In this painting Mr. G. E. Lodge, the well-known bird-artist, represents a winter phase in the habits of grouse. After following the parent birds all through the summer, the young ones "break up" in the autumn, but when winter comes they collect again in "packs," numbering from thirty to sometimes as many as sixty. After packing has begun, it is found impossible to shoot grouse over dogs,

a method practised, as a rule, only on small moors. Driving, with beaters, is the more usual plan. Grouse-shooting begins, of course, on the Twelfth of August, and lasts until December 10. After the season is over, the grouse have the moors to themselves. They are monogamous. Pairing takes place in early spring, and from five to fifteen eggs are laid.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. E. LODGE, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

"THE SCANDAL."—"CHARLES I."

HAVE you ever been in a capital when clarions and pealing bells and 101 guns announce the arrival of an Heir-Apparent? It is a strange sensation. You may be a mere visitor, but the enthusiasm lays hold of you. You feel as one of the family; you would like to join in the hurrahs and the shouts; you are under the spell of inter-human magnetism, indescribable and wonderfully exciting. I am always tempted to compare a full theatre on a first night to a city in festivity or solemnity: there are evenings which uplift—evenings which impel wild gaiety à la Mafeking—evenings when palls seem hanging around—evenings when you would sing "For he's a jolly good fellow" to fame often expected, suddenly, newly, and truly born.

Such an evening was Sept. 19 at the New Theatre, when, in Henri Bataille's "Scandale" (deftly and daintily adapted by Lady Bell), Miss Sybil Thorndike made her second successful attempt in management, and Leslie Faber came into his kingdom. Until the third act his part had been more or less passive; the centre of the play was Miss Sybil Thorndike, who gave a touching, highly emotional study of a woman distraught by remorse and horrible suspense of detection. Her nervousness—which expressed by restless eyes and twitching features, by never-ceasing changes of position, the ubiquity of anguish—was realistic to the degree of discomforting us. Then—to those who did not know the play—with the dumbfounding effect of a thunderbolt, Leslie Faber, the husband who had suspected, who knew, who became for a moment demented, burst into such a torrent of words, fury, violence, homicidal paroxysms, that we were literally carried away and terror-stricken. Hell seemed let loose in the wrath of this unbalanced man; and then came purgatory in tears at the feet of his old mother—that sweet old peasant mother of the French *Midi*, whom Miss Rosina Filippi pictured with all the ribbons, the charm, the *bon sens* of rural France.

The scene itself, truth to tell, was neither true to life nor all too-deftly introduced; in cold blood, it was an absurd scene born of the theatre for the actor. But such was the power of Leslie Faber, the sincerity and tensivity of his feeling, that the circumstances became blurred, and we only followed with excited eyes, in breathless eagerness, the woeful figure of a man torn by all the forces of jealousy, anger, and despair.

It was a glorious moment of exquisite pain, which anon dissolved in such an outburst of ovation, again and again repeated, as means the universal acclaiming of arrival. By my side our great actress Mrs. Kendal merely exclaimed: "An English actor—an English actor!" And in those few words the whole situation was aptly crystallised. For a long time Leslie Faber had hovered around the front rank. To some of us he had reached that goal in "In the Night," but somehow it did not confer on him the marshal-bâton of *facile princeps*. Now he has won, and his triumph is all the greater since it was a clear case of an artist's mind over artificial matter.

For, truth to tell, M. Bataille's story does not bear introspection: it is one of those plots which constantly raise "ifs" and "buts"—if somebody had only said a sensible word at the right time; but that would not do, for then the play would have stopped after the second act, for by that time a blind horse less dense than a loving husband would have discovered the "*pot au roses*," unravelled the mystery of her travel to Paris (where the fate of her lover of one night hung on her testimony), and either cast her aside for her *sauz-*

pas or have forgiven her, since it is human to err. What happened in the play at the end almost baffles description. He, now in possession of all the facts, harangues her at length, and winds up by saying, "So far we have led a happy life; now, for the children's sake, we must go on and begin an unhappy one"—and for all his pains finds her asleep, which (while we laugh within) prompts him to utter the beautiful final sentence: "At the foot of her Calvary, her strength is spent—she is asleep!"



IN 1865, AS A VICTORIAN DÉBUTANTE: MISS FAY COMPTON AS MARY MARLOWE IN "SECRETS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.



IN 1922—A WHITE-HAIRED OLD LADY: MISS FAY COMPTON AS LADY CARLTON IN THE PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE OF "SECRETS."

Miss Fay Compton's acting as Mary Marlowe (afterwards Lady Carlton) at various stages of her career is the great feature of "Secrets," the new play by Rudolf Besier and May Edginton, now proving so popular at the Comedy Theatre. In the prologue and epilogue she is seen as an old lady, devoted to a sick husband. The play itself, which is divided into periods (like "Milestones"), shows their courtship, elopement, and married life, first in an American shack, and later in a prosperous London home. Mary is throughout the "angel in the house."—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

For which relief—the lady may have dreamed—much thanks. But is it believable that a Parisian audience, more critical than ours, would take this *au sérieux*? Yet they did—and we did—for Bataille is a regular descendant of Sardou, and has the gift of doping the hearer with audacious theatricality into the belief that such is life—while the curtain is up.

In Irving's heyday there was just cause and no impediment for the revivals of "Charles I." Wills's strange mixture of fact and fiction. Under the mantle

of genius the sins of the playwright were so well palliated that we neither waxed angry over the mis-handling of Cromwell nor grew impatient with the meanderings of the luckless Charles. For Irving was so arresting, so pathetic, the pictures of the play were so fascinating, that criticism did not begin until there was pause for reflection, and even then one always felt apologetically inclined to accept the drama for the sake of its chief interpreter.

In the revival at the Ambassadors' the pictures are the sole excuse for disturbing the oblivion of the play and the reputation of its maker. Benrimo has let his imagination dwell in the marble halls of the palace, in the garden of Hampton Court, and in the camp at Newark—a tent scene so august and so ominous of atmosphere that it was worthy of Shakespeare's "Richard III."—and the pictorial aspect was grandiose. We felt the period. Had we but felt it in the acting! True, Miss Miriam Lewes as the Queen nearly created the illusion, and Mr. St. Barbe West as Cromwell was a figure of power. But later on he became sententious—the words sounded high, but their meaning was unconvincing; and Miss Lewes throughout made the mistake of endowing the French Queen with an accent of a strangely Teutonic flavour. Thus the Hanoverian Princesses might have spoken, but never the graceful and pathetic consort of the *fleur-de-lys* lineage. Still, Miss Lewes had her regal moments, and her deportment was ever full of dignity and restraint.

These qualities were lacking in Mr. Russell Thorndike's portrayal of Charles I., and for two reasons it is irksome to criticise him. For he disarmed us by speaking, at the end, of his "humble and feeble" effort in the wake of Irving. Such modesty almost defeats its own nature—and we were full of grateful recollection of work at the Grand Guignol. As a man of the people, as a character-actor in certain spheres, Mr. Russell Thorndike stands out in brilliant prominence; but as King Charles he lacks the equipment of personality, of voice, of accent. His voice in scenes of distress may sound pitiful, but

it is not pathetic in the tragic sense of the word; and the strange inflection of his vowels affected me so that I could never associate them with palaces and regalia. He might—if one day a play is written on the Bourgeois King—present an excellent portrait of Louis Philippe, but whether in imagination I start with history and end with Van Dyck, I can never imagine him as Charles I.—in spite of all a *grand seigneur* of a period when *grandezza* of manner often venerated smallness of mind.

To me this Charles I. was a very kind, very narrow, very humble *paterfamilias* of the middle-class in great domestic tribulation. In the scene with Cromwell I thought of a bullying creditor, unpaid bills, and an occasional rise to dignity such as householders have when faced by angered tradesmen. I say this merely in the illustrative sense, for an artist like Mr. Thorndike could not entirely misconceive the rôle, and, indeed, in the tent-scene, clad in armour which added to his inches and his breadth, he looked and came nearer to his royal character. Nor was his leave-taking from his Queen and children—perhaps the finest and most dramatic scene of the play, because it indicated catastrophe in few words—without feeling and touching force. But on the whole his Charles I. was not of happy choice. It was the ambitious—and meritorious—effort of an actor to play a part in the true sense of the word which nature had not meant for him.



IN 1888—A PROSPEROUS MATRON OF THE 'EIGHTIES: MISS FAY COMPTON AS LADY CARLTON IN MIDDLE LIFE.

THE SECOND EMPIRE LIVES AGAIN: WINTERHALTER

FROM THE DRAWING



HELD AT BIARRITZ, WHERE THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE ONCE KEPT HER STATE: THE CRINOLINE

The reconstitution of the Court of the Empress Eugénie in her heyday of beauty and power took place at Biarritz in the Hôtel du Palais, which was once the Imperial Villa. Two huge salons were transformed into a beautiful wood, the doors being disguised under arches of verdure and the marble pillars transformed into stately plane trees. The fête, which was organised by the Marquis d'Arcangues, M. Pierre Lafitte, and artists of the distinction of M. Jean-Gabriel Domergue and M. Georges Scott, was witnessed by the King and Queen of Spain and the Shah of Persia, and every costume worn was strictly in keeping with the period represented. The most effective scene of the evening is illustrated by our drawing, and shows the moment when the Court beauties, as depicted by Winterhalter,

BEAUTIES AND CROWNED HEADS OF TO-DAY.

BY GEORGES SCOTT.



COSTUME BALL BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN AND THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

are making obeisance to the Queen of Spain, who is wearing the emeralds left her by the lovely Empress Eugénie. M. Jean-Gabriel Domergue "introduced" the Winterhalter ladies in an original manner. He first appeared, apparently at work on a vast canvas, which after a moment was allowed to fall and thus reveal the group of ladies posed round the Empress, after the well-known Winterhalter picture. The tableau came to life, and each lady of the Court made her courtesy to the King and Queen of Spain and the Shah of Persia. The names of the figures on the dais, reading from left to right, front row, are the King of Spain, the Marquise d'Arcangues, the Queen of Spain, and the Shah of Persia.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN



THE NEWEST THING IN COATS.

It comes from Debenham and Freebody, is made of corded grey velours, and strikes a new note in that it is skirt-length in front, and graduates round the figure to hip length at the fastening.

NOW that the Scottish season is nearing its end, the English country-house season is what most people are thinking of. Pheasant and partridge shooting, together with cubbing, will keep people in the country this month. In addition to these attractions, there is much political activity, and residents in the country are busily beating up their people in the interest of one side or another. Women are more deeply engaged than ever before, because the sex are now so much more responsible directly, and have therefore taken more interest in public affairs. Very many are dead against the autocracy of the Coalition, and decline government by a few men with no opposition save from a more or less impotent Press and country. Now is the time when the Empire wants strong leading, and it will get it; always with the need the men arise, and soon we shall see and recognise them.

In a long experience I have never known such a slump in smart marriages as this year, especially in this latter part of it. As a rule, the end of a London season has been marked by many engagement announcements. The last season end was not so marked. The Scottish season, and the holidays generally at home and abroad, have not been productive of victims to the little blind god. Possibly he has followed the fashion and gone on strike, and left poor old Hymen and his altars almost out of business. A very knowledgeable man said that the trouble was that the young people of the present day were firmly imbued with the idea that they should begin married life in exactly the same way in which it was carried on in their homes. Neither men nor girls were prepared to make sacrifices to start homes; and girls can nowadays have such independent good times that they are not obliged to marry to secure emancipation from chaperonage and parental control.

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen denies personally that she is engaged to be married. Friends writing from Le Touquet tell me that they had a firm denial from herself. She is a popular idol in France, scarcely less so here, and is perhaps disinclined to exchange the idolatry of the many for the adoration of one, and that one, in some respect, a rival. Suzanne single is Suzanne at her best: so the public in France and here who love to see her play her game will profit by her being disengaged; and those who know her well say Suzanne really does know best what is best for Suzanne!

Are we going to have Oriental fashions? Some authorities say so; but winter seems an odd time to

bring in styles suited to warmest climates. It is as yet unwise to prophesy; but it seems to me that more severe tailor-built and Directoire coats and styles will come along. Just now the Near East is not in fashionable favour. Some foolish girls there are who are inclined to make a hero of Kemal Pasha, just as they incline to make heroes of any men who get prominently into print and have good-looking photographs freely published. Even these geese-girls will not exploit Turkish styles just now. We do not want to go to war with Turkey, but the Turks' methods do not commend themselves to us any more than those of their ex-instructors, the Germans, or those of the treacherous and cruel Greeks. It is very rarely that any fashion becomes popular in this country that suggests unpopular sources. Therefore, I imagine that Orientalism will have to bide a wee before making its bid for British women's favour.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield are staying with their two little daughters at Langwell, with the Duke and Duchess of Portland. Lady Titchfield sometimes motors down with the little girls to Brora, and gives them the joy of a day on the sands. They picnic in the Duchess of Portland's bathing-hut, and have a real out-in-the-open day. For two summers a house in Brora was taken for them, as this year one is occupied by Lord and Lady Londonderry's little girls and their establishment. The place is ideal for children: superb mountain and sea air, miles of sand, clumps of rocks wherein may be found all sorts of queer sea creatures, safe bathing, and lovely rides over sands or dunes for little girls on ponies, together with delightful expeditions by river and heathery moor and mossy dell. It is rumoured that Lady Londonderry is so pleased with the place for her young daughters that Lord Londonderry has thoughts of buying the house they are in for a permanent summer home for them.

A large number of thousands of acres of grouse-shooting and deer forest in the neighbourhood of Brora were sold a year or two back by the Duke of Sutherland to Mr. Haig Thomas Haig. They included the houses of Gordon Bush, Kintradwell, and Balnaccoil. Gordon Bush has been resold, with its shooting and fishing in Brora River, to Mr. Tyser, who, with his fascinating and handsome Irish wife, is in residence there. Mrs. Tyser opened a sale of work for one of the Brora churches quite recently, making a delightful impression on the people. Mr. Chamin has the Kintradwell shootings. The house was to be rebuilt, but proceedings were stopped, and so the family has had to put up in a local hostelry for two months. Balnaccoil has also been resold, and is occupied by Mr. Tyser's brother; so property has changed hands quickly in the Brora district, and more changes are in prospect.

The way people take other people's medicines to cure what they think are similar ills is very risky, and what is worse is the way in which they administer any kind of stuff to poor children who cannot refuse. I heard of a poor little lad made really ill by being given medicine ordered for another child. This sort of thing is so unnecessary, because there is the tried—and never found wanting—Dinneford's Fluid Magnesia, which is absolutely safe and invariably efficient. It does not harm the most delicate system, and for such evils to adults as gout, rheumatism, indigestion, and all its resultant affections, there is nothing like Dinneford's. Solid and powdered magnesias are very harmful; pure fluid magnesia—which is Dinneford's—is harmless and most useful. No other should ever be administered to infants. With so splendid and proved a medicine, so easy and pleasant to take, it seems quite ridiculous to risk others that we know nothing about.

Precautions to secure the privacy of a wedding ceremony are not often as successful as those taken

by Mr. Basil Victor John Seely and Lady Shiffner. Mr. Seely is Sir Charles and Lady Seely's second surviving son, and is about twenty-two. His bride is the widow of the late Sir John Shiffner, who was killed in action in the same year that he was married (1918) to Miss Sybil Helen Gibbons, daughter of Mr. Gibbons, of Scayne's Hill, Surrey. Sir Charles and Lady Seely lost their eldest son in the war. They are the greatest of favourites in the Isle of Wight. Lady Seely is of the Island, being the eldest daughter of Mr. R. T. A. Grant, of Staffa, West Cowes. She has living three sons and twin daughters, the elder of whom married the eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Allendale.

The promise of an Autumn Season for London is good in some ways, bad in others. We will take our dose first and have the honey later. The King and Queen, after a short stay in London, will go to Sandringham, as at present arranged. The pheasant, partridge, ground-game and wildfowl shooting on the King's Norfolk estate promised splendidly, and his Majesty enjoys such shooting, also looking after things generally—being, in fact, the country squire. The Prince of Wales will be away "cubbing" and preparing for the hunting season at his newly taken hunting quarters. Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles will soon be in Goldsbrough Hall, and are due to pay a visit at Sandringham. The Duke of York will be a considerable part of his time with the Prince of Wales and at Sandringham. Consequently, until later on there will be none of our principal royal personages in town. Also, the country houses will be full, as stated above. On the other hand, the re-assembling of Parliament will bring many to town, and excitement is certain in both our Houses. There will be social and political entertaining, and dancing, although past its zenith in popularity, will still go gaily. Theatres will be more interesting than for a long time past, and there will be charity fêtes and bazaars and assemblages whereat women may see and be seen. Also, there is the element of unexpectedness in these days, which serves to keep everyone awake



THE VOGUE OF VELOURS.

On the left we have what can well be called a harmony in greys, as the suit itself is of mole-coloured velours, is trimmed with squirrel, and has a new kind of girdle of grey braided cones arranged on a band of velours. Cinnamon velours is used for the three-quarter-length coat and skirt on the right, which is furthermore adorned with kolinsky fur and beige embroidery. Debenham and Freebody's have created both confections.

and which will, it is hoped, do much to stir up people and lift them from the apathy which, for one reason or another, has enveloped us like a chill, damp fog for the past eighteen months.

A. E. L.

FUR TRADERS IN THE FAR NORTH.

AT the moment, the fur trade in England is at its height, but the skins from which next season's models will be made are at present, for the most part, running wild in the far Canadian North-West. A vast organisation is necessary to insure the collection and transport of these skins from the Canadian backwoods to the salons of London, Paris, and New York; and Revillon Frères, who have fur interests all over

The great wish of an Indian's heart nowadays is, not that he may slay a bear and assume the terrible collar of claws, but rather that he may snare a silver fox. The former exploit stamps him as a brave; but the latter stroke of luck enables him, on the proceeds of the sale of the skin to the fur-trader, to live for many months a life of absolute ease with no necessity whatever to engage in work.

As in all sparsely populated countries, hospitality abounds, and the representatives of Revillon Frères in those bleak regions are on the best of terms with the Indians, living their life and smoking the pipe of peace in company.

The Indian squaw makes her own clothing of printed cotton, and assumes each garment as it is completed. No matter how much she has on, each fresh article of clothing is superimposed on what the lady is already wearing; consequently, the more indulgent the husband, the more clothes are worn by the wife.

The squaw's ambition is to possess a tartan plaid—a luxury in great demand both on account of its warmth and its bright colours. She does not wear boots or shoes, but moccasins made of soft deer-skin, which she ornaments with glass beads.

The Indian trapper, prior to setting out on his hunt, will visit the Revillon outpost. Here he obtains an advance of whatever supplies he requires, against his season's catch of furs—i.e., the trader lets him have goods without payment on the Indian's promise to bring his catch of skins to the trader. (It may here be remarked that both Indians and Esquimaux are honest and straightforward, and practically never default.)

The trapper loads the food, gun, ammunition, traps, blankets, tobacco, etc., on to long narrow sledges

only do they carry out the usual wifely duties, but they are good hunters and trappers. Like the men, they also have a weakness for tobacco, which they prefer to smoke in a pipe.

The children are strong and hardy, obedient and tractable. They crawl about as soon as their mother ceases to carry them on her back (in a kind of hood lined with moss), which she does for a few months



AN ESQUIMAUX TRAPPER AND HIS WIFE (IN HER FURS): MR. AND MRS. TOOKALOOK.

the globe and to whom we are indebted for the following interesting information on the subject, furnish the organisation in question.

In our article of Sept. 9 we touched on their activities among the sandy wastes of Central Asia, but to-day we deal with life around the lonely posts in the frozen North. Revillon Frères have over a hundred posts in Canada, a certain number of which are situated within the Arctic Circle, and the white man in charge of one of the small outposts never sees another white face except on the annual visit of the travelling inspector.

The only people he sees are, in the more southern regions, Indians, and, in the icebound regions of the Arctic, Esquimaux; and it is to these swarthy hunters that he looks for his supply of furs, which, after travelling thousands of miles in sledge, canoe, steamer, and train, and going through processes galore, eventually come forth in an entirely different guise in Regent Street, the Rue de Rivoli, or Fifth Avenue.

The Indian tribe of Crees is the most civilised and prosperous in the Canadian wilds. They are famous hunters who rarely miss their mark and never waste a shot. Their language is easy to learn, a fact which has certainly facilitated relations between the Crees and their white neighbours.

The Indian rarely smiles; he absolutely refuses to exchange his primitive life for the refinements of civilisation, but decidedly appreciates some of them; for, whereas in former years he lived on meat only,



"THE SQUAW'S AMBITION IS TO POSSESS A TARTAN PLAID": A CREE INDIAN SQUAW.

hauled by man, woman, or dog power; the packing is an art in itself, as, owing to the roughness of the trail, a sledge will frequently capsize, to the great detriment of anything insecurely fastened. The humans wear snow-shoes, and the strongest man of the party goes first to "break the trail"—that is, pack the snow with his snow-shoes so that dogs and sledges may have an easier surface to run on.

The Esquimaux trapper is mild-mannered and decidedly primitive in his habits, as he lives in a hut made from huge blocks of snow which he cuts out with a large knife. His diet consists largely of moose flesh, and were this large animal to die out, many Esquimaux families would perish through starvation.

Mrs. Tookalook (at least, that is what it sounds like) wears furs (see photograph), though we are afraid that a civil-

ised dame would faint if asked to put on furs as worn by the inhabitants of the frozen Arctic.

Esquimaux women are extremely versatile: not



SMOKING HER PIPE: AN ESQUIMAUX WOMAN AND HER STURDY LITTLE BOY.

only. Families rule small, and boys help their fathers in the hunt at a very early age; successful white fox trappers of the tender age of eleven years have been observed by Revillon Frères' representatives.

The celebrated "huskies" (the sledge-dogs) are the most valued possessions of Indian and Esquimaux trappers. Quiet and obedient with a strict master, they become furious in the presence of strangers or other dogs, and at feeding time are particularly savage. Each dog bolts his portion, and then engages in a ferocious combat with the others for the fragments. They are fed at the end of the day, as they are quite incapable of work for several hours after a meal. The husky is omnivorous—he will eat his harness, anything made of leather, and even on occasion his own children.

The young dog spends his puppyhood at play. When half-grown the Indians "apprentice" him, though the Esquimaux start training their animals much earlier, and quite young pups are taught to drag a miniature sledge. The young dog resents this at first; subsequently he does his work willingly, and finally becomes intensely proud of it. A good sledge-dog will pull at the traces until he is utterly exhausted, through mere pride in his work.

The leader of each dog team is usually the oldest, generally the bravest, and certainly the wisest of the lot; and, though he is thirty feet from the sledge, he at once detects any slackness on the part of any individual dog, whom he at once proceeds to punish.

The steamer depicted in the photograph is one of



ESQUIMAUX ARRIVING AT REVILLON FRÈRES' OUTPOST WITH LOAD OF FURS.

his intercourse with the whites has taught him to appreciate beans, lard, sweetstuff, and, above all, tobacco.



ONE OF REVILLON FRÈRES' ICE-BREAKERS USED AT ARCHANGEL IN THE WAR: WINTERING IN THE ICE.

Revillon Frères' flotilla of ice-breakers, which was requisitioned by the British Government to free the port of Archangel during the Great War.

THE PRINCE BUSY: "PLAYING-IN" AT ST. ANDREWS; THE BRITISH LEGION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., TOPICAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



WEARING A NOVEL SWEATER: THE PRINCE WITH ANDREW KIRKALDY, WHO WAS HIS "CADDIE."



THE ROYAL CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB: THE PRINCE PUTTING ON THE LAST GREEN AT ST. ANDREWS—THE CLUB-HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.



"PLAYING HIMSELF IN" AS CAPTAIN OF THE PREMIER GOLF CLUB: THE PRINCE'S HISTORIC DRIVE.



AUTOGRAPHING A FOOTBALL AT THE BRITISH LEGION RALLY: THE PRINCE OF WALES.



BEFORE THE FOOTBALL MATCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: THE PRINCE CHAT- TING WITH THE GOSFORTH TEAM.



AFTER HIS GREAT WELCOME AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: THE PRINCE OF WALES WALKING TO THE BRITISH LEGION SPORTS GROUND.



TALKING TO A WELL-KNOWN WOMAN ATHLETE: MISS M. LINES INTRODUCED TO THE PRINCE BY MR. JOE PALMER.

The Prince of Wales has resumed his public activities after the much-needed rest which he took on his return from the East. Recently he visited St. Andrews, where (on September 27) he "played himself in" as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, the ruling body of the game. The ceremony consisted of driving off from the first tee. It was the first occasion on which a Prince of Wales had performed it, and the presence of a huge crowd made it something of an ordeal. Andrew Kirkaldy, the well-known professional of the Club, acted as

the Prince's caddy. The Prince's decorative sweater was the object of much remark, and was considered likely to set a new fashion. It had a pattern of coloured bands on a white ground, rather like the embroidery on Roumanian peasant costumes. On September 30 the Prince attended the British Legion Rally at the Crystal Palace, where he watched the sports. Among those presented was Miss M. Lines, of the London Olympiads Athletic Club, who won the women's half-mile race in the record time of 2 min. 26.3-5 sec.

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WHISKY

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

BY E. J. DENT.

"WAY-DOWN IN GEORGIA."

MUSICIANS are often accused of being ill-educated people with little or no understanding of anything outside their own art. As regards the leading representatives of English music at the present day the accusation would certainly be unjust. On the other hand, there are some lovers of music who maintain that the musician is all the better for confining himself exclusively to music. Music, they say, has nothing to do with literature or painting; and as a statement of artistic principle this is true enough. The musician who consciously takes a subject from a poem or a picture does not, as a rule, create any musical work of lasting value; such things may have a momentary interest, and their confusion of values may be a positive advantage to the musical journalist who has to write about them, but in the long run they cease to appeal to us.

But the musician, even if he remains a musician and nothing else in the actual practice of his art, will always do well to keep in touch with contemporary literature; and it may sometimes profit him more to read literary criticism than to trouble his head about what the musical critics say. For both poetry and music are expressions of the age in which they are written, and it is of some interest to observe how far they illustrate each other in this respect.

It has been said very often during the last ten years that present-day England is "a nest of singing birds," both as regards poetry and music too. Many people who are genuine lovers of music have felt it their duty to stir up the general public to an appreciation of contemporary English music. They have been so delighted to think that there really is any contemporary English music worth having that they have refrained from meticulous criticism, and perhaps exaggerated their enthusiasm. They have felt it their

prime duty to induce the public to feel that English music was something that really expressed English personality—something of which Englishmen could be as affectionately proud as they are of English painting and English poetry. Some of the literary critics, too, have pursued similar methods; the word "Georgian" has taken on a definitely literary significance.

There has just come into my hands the September

the word "music" for the word "poetry." After that they may laugh over Mr. Sitwell's entertaining satire and interpret it for themselves.

"How cynical or frivolous," says Mr. Monro, "is much of the more readable poetry of our time; but how gloomily dull are most of the productions of our more conservative and earnest poets!" Mr. Aldington comes to the conclusion that "the present time is undoubtedly rich in varied poetic talents, but the possessors of those talents seem unable to use them to the best advantage"; that some of our poetry is "incoherent," and yet more of it "stagnant"; that "when our poetry had order it was effete, and when it had vigour it was shapeless." He praises as healthy and admirable the instinct which has prevented most English poets of this age from running after Marinetti, "to praise motor-cars or grow hysterical over aeroplanes"; if Mr. Aldington is a lover of music he will, no doubt, appreciate the discreet reticence of Mr. Arthur Bliss's music to "The Tempest" as compared with Alfredo Casella's "War-Films" for orchestra. He has some sound remarks, too, which apply almost equally well to musicians, about "the romantic conception of the *poète incompris* who sacrifices himself for a problematical posterity and solaces himself by reflecting upon his posthumous immortality." The classic examples of the *poète incompris*, he says, are either men who died very young or men who created an insurmountable prejudice against their names by excessive arrogance, eccentricity, or vice.

Mr. Aldington blames audiences rather than poets. It is certainly true of musical audiences in England that they are ready to applaud anything; ready, too, to be enthusiastic over what is really good, yet singularly lacking in judgment. He fears that the poets have acquiesced in the idea that poetry is a kind of genial but unimportant game of a traditional kind, best left in the hands of amateurs and amiable *dilettanti*. This last sentence should be carefully considered by the musician. It is undoubtedly true that most

(Continued overleaf.)



A CURIOUS "BABY-CARRIAGE": A PRIZE-WINNING TRAVOIS AT LAKE WINDERMERE, IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

This photograph was taken during the celebrations at the recent opening of the David Thompson Memorial Fort at Lake Windermere, British Columbia, and shows the winner of a prize for the best *travois*, a primitive type of Indian wheel-less vehicle. The Fort was opened, and the prizes presented, by Lady Margaret Boscawen, sister of Lord Byng, the Governor-General of Canada.—[Photograph by Topical.]

number of the *Chapbook*, issued by the Poetry Bookshop. It contains a prefatory note by Mr. Harold Monro, an essay on "The Poet and his Age" by Mr. Richard Aldington, and a satirical poem by Mr. Osbert Sitwell. It is not for me to offer criticism on these pages from a literary point of view; but I have been struck by the appositeness which all three authors' observations show to contemporary music. Indeed, I would invite all music-lovers to read seriously the two prose contributions, and substitute in most sentences



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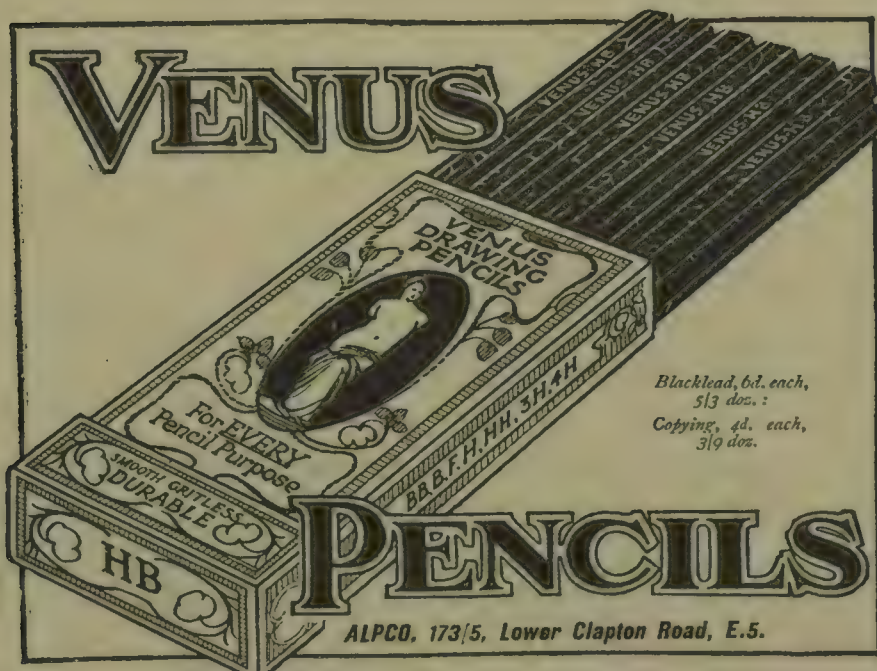
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(Continued.)

English music is amateurish. Its amateurishness is possibly its ruin and certainly its salvation. The spirit of Hubert Parry, idealist-amateur in the highest sense, still to some extent influences English music.

to the Englishman, even to the best English musicians, music is always a secondary consideration. In a moment of urgent decision the English musician may be safely trusted to sacrifice his whole art to his wife and children or to public duty. Most English people will no doubt applaud this temperament, because for most English people music is no more than "a genial but unimportant game." Did Beethoven or Wagner take that view of music?

We are hurt to find that the foreigner still clings to the tradition that England has no music. As a matter of fact, the younger musicians abroad are quite ready to be interested in English music and to perform it, especially at the sort of concerts which are organised for the production of experimental art. But, with the best will in the world, foreign musicians seem to have a singular difficulty in understanding our productions. Critics who make a great show of being cosmopolitan may say that the tendencies of modern music are the same in all countries. It may be true that certain new discords are popular all over Europe; but these cosmopolitan technical details are really of little importance. If they stand out as conspicuous, it means that either the composer is insincere or the critic ignorant. What really matters is the poet's thought which it is the function of technical devices to express.

When we set ourselves to consider the inner significance of music, we find an extraordinary difference of outlook on the art in different countries. Characteristically English is the almost inhuman absorption in nature, the contemplative abstraction of Delius and Vaughan Williams. But when we listen to the minor lights of that school, we can understand Mr. Sitwell's mockery of the Georgian poets, the "Nature-crew" who "Hymn every bird that ever croaked or flew."

There are musicians, too, among us who might well echo the poet who wrote "I am not so dull as I have been"; there is a composer or two who likes to be "content that from his sires He draws the blood of England's midmost shires." Was it the poets or the folk-song collectors who set the fashion of all that fuss about Gloucestershire? Is it only poet-journalists who "are busy men, With only time for poetry now and then"? Because they have to attend so many cricket matches and literary dinners? Mr. Sitwell's fool's-cap may fit more than one head. Mr. Aldington refuses to be discouraged, and to the musicians as well as the poets his words are applicable: "The present generation has at least handed on the torch; and a little more ardour and enterprise in the poets, a little more enthusiasm and discrimination in their audience,

might create the rich period which we hope for rather than expect."

Owing to the amount of space required to deal with events in the Near East, our series entitled "The Beauty of the London Home," illustrating the interiors of famous houses, has been temporarily postponed.



THE WELSH OPEN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION: CAPTAIN E. F. CARTER DRIVING FROM THE FIFTEENTH TEE AT HARLECH.

Captain E. F. Carter won the Welsh Open Amateur Golf Championship at Harlech on September 28. In the final round (over 36 holes) he beat Mr. B. Drew by 4 up and 3 to play.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The music which is aggressively professional we feel at once to be lacking in real poetry. But it is true that



A POLICEMAN DRESSED LIKE A CRICKET UMPIRE FOR CONTROLLING TRAFFIC: A WHITE-COATED CONSTABLE ON POINT DUTY IN CHELTENHAM.

In order to make them more conspicuous to drivers, policemen on point duty controlling traffic in Cheltenham and other provincial towns are now provided with long white overcoats, like those worn by umpires at cricket.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

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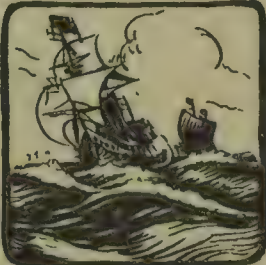
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*“There’s no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia
and no better Brand than the “Three Castles.”*



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T.C. 32.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

HORACE E. McFARLAND (St. Louis, Mo.).—Thanks for your kind and appreciative letter. We remember the reputation of St. Louis in days of old, of which Mr. Max Judd was a stalwart upholder against all comers.

JAMES M. K. LUPTON (Richmond).—Your problem duly to hand, for which we are much obliged.

G. A. TENGELY (St. Heliers).—We are very pleased to renew the old connection and hope to publish your problem at an early date.

A. M. SPARKE (Lincoln).—Much obliged for problem. Very pleased to hear from you again.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament of the London Chess Congress between Messrs. ATKINS and RUBINSTEIN.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	21. P to Q B 4th	P to R 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	22. Q to Kt 3rd	Q R to B sq
The popularity of this reply was very marked throughout the Tournament. It is safe and non-committal, enabling the second player to be guided by events in his choice of continuation.			
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	He clearly cannot play R takes P, on account of 23. B to R 7th (ch).	
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	23. B to B 2nd	
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	The first step, apparently, of a deep-laid scheme to transfer his Q R to the other side of the board to assist in the attack on Black's King.	
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	24. Q to K 3rd	B to B 3rd
7. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	25. R to R 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
8. B takes P	P to Q R 3rd	26. Q to B 4th	B to R sq
9. P to Q R 4th	P to Q B 4th	27. R to R 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
10. Castles	Q to R 4th	28. R takes P	P takes B P
For a player of Black's reputation the object of this excursion is difficult to understand. It takes the Queen right out of the game, and for another score of moves she is scarcely more than an idle spectator of the struggle.			
11. Q to K 2nd	P takes P	29. R to R 3rd	Q R to Q 4th
12. P takes P	Kt to Kt 3rd	30. K to B sq	Q to Kt 3rd
13. B to Q 3rd	R to Q sq	31. R to Kt 3rd	R takes P
14. K R to Q sq	B to Q 2nd	32. R takes R	Q takes K
15. Kt to K 5th	B to K sq	33. Q takes Kt	Q to R 8th (ch)
16. Q to K 3rd	K Kt to Q 4th	34. K to K 2nd	B to B 6th (ch)
17. Q to Kt 3rd	B takes B	35. P takes B	Resigns.
18. Q takes B	Kt takes Kt	Ingenious to the bitter end. Of five ways of capturing the Bishop, only that of the text is immediately successful. One leads to a prolonged end game, the other three either draw or lose altogether.	
19. P takes Kt			
White now possesses an excellent attack, which leaves his opponent but little liberty of action, and no opening for any counter-offensive.			
19. Q to R 4th	Kt to Q 4th		
20. Q to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd		

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3890.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

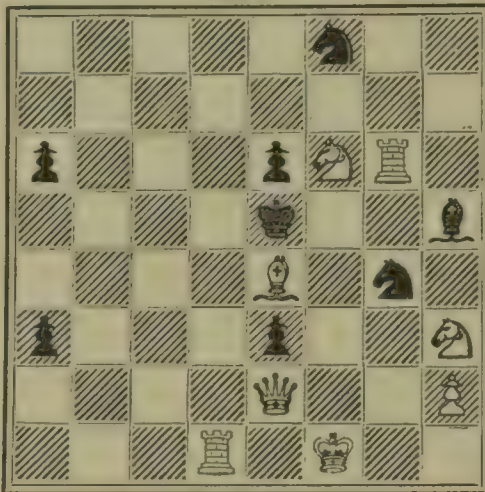
WHITE	BLACK
1. B to Q 4th	K to Q 3rd
2. B to K 5th	K to B 4th
3. P to Q 4th (mate).	

If Black play 1. K to Kt 2nd, then 2. B to B 3rd (ch), etc.; and if 1. B to R 2nd then 2. B to K 5th (ch) etc.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3887 received from George Parbury (Singapore); of No. 3890 from Bernado de Quiros (Segovia, Spain) and E. M. Vicars (Norfolk).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3891 received from Albert Taylor (Sheffield), H. W. Satow (Seascale), H. Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), C. H. Watson (Masham), E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth), G. Stillingleet Johnson (Cobham), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), H. R. Arthurs (Harrogate), J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay) and James M. K. Lupton (Richmond).

PROBLEM No. 3892.—By THE LATE P. H. WILLIAMS. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

It is with sincere regret we have to announce the death of Mr. P. H. Williams, probably the most prolific English problem-composer of his generation, and one who by pen and by speech was indefatigable in the advocacy of his favourite art. From the beginning of its existence the *Chess Amateur* owed much of its interest to his editorial help, and his loss will make a gap in its pages not easy to be filled. His decease apparently was quite unexpected, for only a month ago at the London Chess Congress his genial presence was in full evidence, and the large circle of friends who greeted him there will find it difficult to realise he has so soon vanished from their ken.

The Automobile Association road patrol service recently provided a useful means of communication between an important London bank and its representative who was motoring in East Anglia. It was essential that the motorist be stopped on the road and requested to proceed to a certain hotel, where an important letter awaited him, and whence his headquarters were expecting a telephone call from him. Within a few minutes of the Automobile Association being asked to stop the car, five road patrols—working on roads upon which the car was likely to be seen—received their instructions, and within two hours the car was stopped and the message delivered.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. DRINKWATER'S "MARY STUART." AT EVERYMAN'S.

IF Mr. John Drinkwater was going to idealise Mary Queen of Scots, if his intention was—as certainly his result is in the play he has written of her—to portray her, not as one of your Cleopatras, not as an amorist of devastating temperament fatal to her lovers, but as an unlucky woman whose tragedy it was, in all her affairs of the heart, never to strike a worthy mate out of the three men history assigns as her lovers, then it seems a pity he should have complicated a scheme already confusing and sophisticated by mixing up his story of Mary Stuart with a prologue in which is discussed the case of a nineteenth-century wife too expansive in her affections. There is no close parallel between unseen Margaret Hunter, with her frankly polyandric tendencies and her doctrine that a wife has the right to freedom if the husband cannot keep her love, and the Mary Stuart as watered down by Mr. Drinkwater into an experimentalist in search of a consort. Mary may assure Margaret's young spouse, "Boy, I can tell you everything," but there is more intellect than erotic passion in this Queen. The blood is not warm enough in her veins as she is shown, more *précieuse* than *amoureuse* (let alone tigress), for her to put on Mona Lisa airs; and so the prologue is really irrelevant. As for the play proper, the writing is pretty enough, but to so tame, sweetly sentimental, and introspective a Mary as we have here such a Rizzio, such a Darnley, such a Bothwell as Mr. Drinkwater imagines could make no appeal. Well might she wonder why Darnley should be jealous of so poor a thing as Rizzio! But Darnley himself is the coarsest of blackguards, and even Bothwell does not put much drama into his love-making. Obviously Miss Laura Cowie in the title-rôle cannot give us the real Mary Stuart, but there is distinction, colour, charm in her acting, despite the hampering influence of the preciosity of the author. Next to hers the best performance is that of Mr. Harcourt Williams, who puts fire and picturesqueness into his handling of the part of Darnley. Miss Clare Harris, the Mary Beaton, deserves more than a passing compliment; and it should be added that the first-night audience accorded to both play and playwright an enthusiastic reception.

"MR. GARRICK." AT THE COURT.

Why Mr. Louis Parker should have troubled to produce a variant on the old stage story of "David Garrick," in which Charles Wyndham appeared so

(Continued overleaf.)

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28 days. From £59 per berth, inclusive fare.
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First, it tones and invigorates the nerves controlling the stomach, bowels and digestive organs—so that appetite and nutrition improve, ordinary food is better assimilated, the excretory functions are properly regulated, and weight increases without accumulation of fat.

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Extract from a published analysis of Sanatogen made by SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.B., etc., formerly Senior Public Analyst of the United Kingdom, President of the Royal Institute of Public Health in London, Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, etc., etc.

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Extract from a published statement made by THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.S., Ph.D., Member of Société Chimique de Paris, etc., etc. :—

"After several months of experimentation with Sanatogen, both chemical and physiological, my conclusion can be briefly stated. The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation are rendered complete with the greatest ease. Many experiments made by me show that quick relief is obtained by its use where nervous prostration and general debility are present. There are no drugs or stimulants in Sanatogen, and it can be used freely by adult or child. It has my unqualified endorsement."



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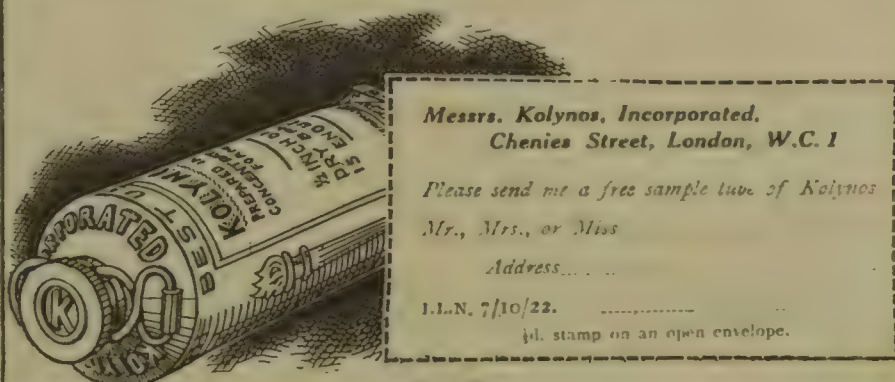
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is made in
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it is hard to imagine, for his version, now seen at the Court, is no improvement on Robertson's, and that, save as a vehicle for *bravura* acting, was bad enough. Wyndham did wonders with the famous scene in which the actor shams drunkenness to cure a girl of her love for him; but there was never anything in Garrick's life to justify such a libellous legend—to say nothing of the absurdity which made David marry ultimately the victim of his pretence. But Mr. Parker insists on telling the fable all over again, garnishing it with scenes having a Ranelagh setting, and with sketches of Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Boswell assembled at the "Club." Johnson and his friends quote themselves from Boswell's *Life*, but are never more than lay figures; and Garrick, unfortunately, does not meet with an interpreter who can make us forget the play in the player's emotion. For though Mr. Gerald Lawrence is ultra-sentimental, his emotion has a way of becoming nasal. He looks a fine figure of a man, but his elocution is against him these days. Mr. Roy Byford is well made up as Dr. Johnson, and Miss Madge Compton is attractive-looking as the lovesick heroine.

SIR CHARLES HAWTREY AS PIRATE AT THE SAVOY.

It is good to see "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure" again; good to find that its run can still be continued in a new home, after a successful career already lasting over four hundred and fifty nights. For not only is the play a capital joke in itself, but it also provides that general favourite, Sir Charles Hawtreys, with some of the best opportunities for burlesque acting that have ever come his way. The cream of the fun arises from the contrast between the actor's stage personality and the situations in which he is asked to figure. Who could seem less like a pirate of the traditional type than bland, sophisticated, lazy-looking, ultra-modern Charles Hawtreys? Yet with what gusto and swagger, with what deafening noise even, does this pirate captain of his storm across his

cabin and cow his crew! How heartily he appears to enter into the profanity of the part; with what enjoyment he gives tongue to its braggadocio! Obviously the actor gets almost as much pleasure as he gives. But he has to work desperately hard, none the less. Triumph in the way of travesty as his performance is, it is not an easy triumph. On the contrary, Ambrose Applejohn is a most taxing rôle.

masterful as lovers, and her heroines like to be mastered, despite their shows of protest: such types are altogether to the liking of lovers of melodrama. Hence the vogue of "The Way of an Eagle," a typical Dell romance, which has already done well at the Adelphi Theatre, and now gives every sign of continuing to draw full houses at the Aldwych. Mr. Godfrey Tearle still looks picturesque and imposing as the hero who "dopes" the heroine for her good; and the two feminine rôles once more obtain attractive representatives in Miss Marjorie Gordon and Miss Jessie Winter respectively. The play at its second "first night" was accorded a most enthusiastic "send off."



A DOUBLE MEMORIAL: THE OBELISKS TO THE NORTH AND SOUTH STAFFORDS UNVEILED AT WHITTINGTON BARRACKS, LICHFIELD.

The memorial to the dead of the North and South Staffords consists of two obelisks, one surmounted by a Chinese dragon and the other by a Sphinx, the regimental badges of the respective regiments. The unveilings were performed by Major-General Sir A. R. Hoskins, Colonel of the North Staffords, and Lieut.-General Sir Charles Tucker, Colonel of the South Staffords. The dedication was by the Bishop of Lichfield. The South Staffords alone lost 256 officers and 8000 men in the European War.—[Photograph by Topical.]

"THE WAY OF AN EAGLE" TRANSFERRED TO THE ALDWYCH.

No longer is Ethel M. Dell's popularity confined to novel-readers; she has conquered a public in the theatre as well; nor need it surprise us that the qualities which endear the Dell heroes and heroines to so many patrons of the circulating libraries should also appeal to the unexacting playgoer. The novelist's heroes are

Tunbridge Wells, and Redhill and Horsham. Various cheap facilities are extended throughout October, including the 8 or 15 days' excursions to the South Coast on Fridays, and the daily cheap tickets to stations adjacent to the Surrey hills. The midday cheap tickets by all trains between 10.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. at a single fare for the double journey, from certain suburban stations to London, are also issued.

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Dr. Johnson's Club.

THE illustration shows a typical evening at the Club founded by the great Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1746. On Dr. Johnson's left, half hidden by the upraised wine glass, is his great biographer Boswell; on his right, with the ear trumpet, is Sir Joshua Reynolds, next Goldsmith. Standing in the corner with the churchwarden is Garrick, immediately below him Burke. The actual membership of the Club was very exclusive and extended to only a dozen or so. Even Goldsmith was objected to by Sir John Hawkins as being merely a literary hack, but he finally came in as a *naturalist* on the strength of his "Animated Nature."

After Garrick's death the Club was re-named the Literary Club, and most of its earlier meetings were held at the "Turk's Head" in Soho, where the members foregathered once a week at 7 o'clock for supper. Soon after its foundation its complement of members was increased first to 12, then to 20, 26, 30, and finally to 35, with the proviso that the total should never in any circumstances exceed 40. This limited membership is still maintained, and it is still the rule that one blackball will exclude.

But then, as now, the more exclusive the circle, the keener the welcome for John Haig Whisky. That is the reason why the *original* Haig Whisky, made by Scotland's oldest distillers with the consummate skill that nearly three centuries of experience have engendered is so popular with the discriminating Clubman at home and abroad.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Petrol Well
Down!

The fall in the price of petrol announced last week is a very welcome concession to an agitation which has been going on ever since supplies became

questions are being asked particularly in view of the fact that there has been no recent reduction in American prices to account for the fall here. On the face of it, it is a gift made out of pure goodness of heart—and is therefore subject to some small amount of misgiving.

What of
the Small
Companies?

I know the move made by the combine has caused a flutter of alarm among the smaller marketing companies who have been trading successfully for some months or years past. They regard it as a trust move against themselves, and I must say, knowing something of trust methods, it looks as though it might be something of the sort. These smaller concerns have been able to sell petrol at, roughly, two-pence per gallon below the combine price. Now, with fuel at two shillings per gallon, they can just manage to sell at the same price. Another penny reduction would mean trading at a loss, and they are sore afraid. To my way of thinking, it is all a question of the loyalty of the consumer to those

who have helped him over the rough places. Personally, if I had been buying my motor fuel from them at less than the combine price for a period of months or years, I should most certainly stick to them at "even money" or something above it, if only for the reason that I know that as soon as the small concerns—which have undoubtedly seriously affected the business of the combine—have been squeezed out of the business, up will go the price of combine spirit. The moral is too obvious to need stating, the more so as the renounced profits due to the fall in price represent something like £7,500,000 a year. I am afraid I cannot see the combine making

a free present of that amount of money to the consumer without some object in view. We know what Sir Marcus Samuel told us some years ago—that the price of petrol is what it will fetch.

A New
Rolls-Royce.

For a very long time past there have been rumours in the air that a new Rolls-Royce was on its way. I have never referred to the matter in print, because I conceive the policy of a firm like Rolls-Royce to be its own affair, and that, when it has decided upon a radical departure such as is now announced, it will, in its own interests, let me know all about it. The story is now out, and from Messrs. Rolls-Royce I have received full details of this new model, which will cause something like a sensation in the world of high-class motoring. The car is to be a six-cylinder 20-h.p. vehicle, having an R.A.C. rating of 21.6-h.p. It will not be shown at Olympia, where



IN THEIR 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER (LATEST MODEL) WITH HOOPER CABRIOLET BODY: SIR OTTO AND LADY BEIT.

This is the second 40-50-h.p. Napier car that Sir Otto Beit has in use. It is difficult to build a neat and compact cabriolet body, but in this case Messrs. Hooper have been very successful. The photograph shows the car open, and it will be seen how flat the head lies.

more or less normal after the war shortage had been overcome. It was almost common knowledge that a reduction was to be made, but certainly nobody who was not in the confidence of the petroleum combine had any idea that it was to be one of such magnitude. The fall is almost unprecedented. It has only been surpassed by the sixpence that was taken off when the Government removed the tax on motor fuel. I do not like looking a gift horse in the mouth, but the very size of the concession makes one look around for reasons. If the combine had taken off threepence per gallon—which was the most we had expected—everybody would have been pleased and no questions asked. As it is, I hear quite a number of queries being propounded as to why this sudden access of magnanimity on the part of corporations which have never been remarkable for that quality. These



SAVED BY TRIPLEX GLASS: A WIND-SCREEN OF THAT MATERIAL THROUGH WHICH A PASSENGER HAD BEEN THROWN BODILY WITHOUT BEING INJURED.

The value of Triplex glass in preventing serious injuries in motor accidents was proved on the occasion mentioned above. Had the wind-screen been of ordinary plate glass, it is easy to imagine what would have happened.

the "R.R." exhibit will be confined to the 40-50-h.p. car which has made the reputation of the mark and has made it synonymous with all that is best in the world

(Continued overleaf.)

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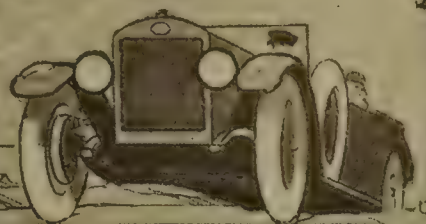
OUR ENGLISH AGENCIES

Agent in LONDON: The London and Parisian Motor Co. Ltd.—87 Davies Street.
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WIGAN: H. H. Timberlake—28 King Street.
GRIMSBY: Lovelace (J. C.)—Wintringham Road.
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SWINDON: Skyrms

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The following will shortly be ready for delivery :

The prices of complete cars include self-starter, dynamo, battery, spare wheel and tyre, lamps, speedometer, clock, electric horn, wind horn, tool kit, lifting jack and mascot.

CHASSIS - - -	Price £1,100
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ENCLOSED DRIVE CABRIOLET (4 seats—Owner Driven) -	Price £1,880 complete
ENCLOSED DRIVE CABRIOLET (6 seats—Chauffeur Driven) -	Price £1,900 complete

The 40/50 h.p. chassis will, as hitherto, be sold at £1,850 and will remain

**THE BEST
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WORLD.**

Subject to the reservation of chassis for the internal requirements of the Company and its specially appointed retailers, allotments for delivery of each type will be made in strict rotation, which will be determined by the despatch time of a

telegraphic order addressed to the Company or one of its specially appointed retailers. Orders, other than by telegram, will be dealt with according to the time of receipt. Orders will only be accepted subject to the Company's usual terms of business.

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Telegrams: "Rollhead, Piccy, London"

Telegrams: Mayfair 6040 (4 lines).

Oct. 2, 1922.

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(all types)

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AND TYPES
ARE
NOW BELOW
PRE-WAR
PRICES

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
PRICE LIST.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.
BIRMINGHAM AND BRANCHES.



Continued.]

of automobilism. Incidentally, this larger model is by no means to be dropped, but will remain, as heretofore, the principal production of the company, the smaller car being quite subsidiary. The price of the new chassis is £1100 with complete electrical and other equipment, and I am hugely mistaken if it does not find a ready sale at what is, in the case of a car of such superlative quality as the Rolls-Royce, quite a moderate figure. The price of the 40-50-h.p. chassis remains unaltered at £1850; but I am informed that, in the event of it being possible to reduce this price, any purchaser whose order has been given not longer than six months before such reduction will be entitled to benefit by it.

The Taxation of Tyres.

A great many people still appear to be rather in love with the idea of abandoning the horse-power tax in favour of one on tyres. I confess that at one time I was rather inclined to think that such a tax might be workable, inasmuch as, on the face of it, it would seem like a tax on actual mileage run rather than on the possession of the car alone. The more one examines the question the more unworkable it seems. It would entail a tremendous amount of work on the part of the Excise authorities, and would therefore be costly; it would certainly prove vexatious to those engaged in the sale of tyres; but the greatest objection I see to it is that it would make the amount payable by the individual more a matter of luck than of mileage. We have all of us experienced that kind of ill-fortune which inordinately increases the tyre bill through those unlucky cuts and bursts which make the matter of tyre mileage so indeterminate. I should certainly object to paying, say, a £2 tax on a cover which ran only 100 miles. I am afraid the tyre tax must be ruled out of practical politics. Personally, I prefer the horse-power tax, which I can calculate, to any kind of impost which I cannot arrive at by any species of calculation whatever.

Use of "Trade" Numbers.

The R.A.C. succeeded a few days ago in securing the dismissal at Westminster Court of summonses issued against a member and a driver for aiding and abetting, and against a firm of motor-car dealers for the alleged wrongful use of a general identification mark on a car. The member in question, contemplating the

same time to see the car. On arrival at the station the police informed the driver that trade numbers could not be used for such a purpose, and subsequently summonses were issued. The R.A.C. solicitor satisfied the court that the journey was performed as part of the projected trial run, following which the purchase of the car was completed. How our authorities do try to assist trade!

A Lanchester Reduction.

The Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., has decided to reduce the price of the Lanchester 40-h.p., six-cylinder chassis from £1950 to £1800, to take effect from October 1, 1922. The company point out that this reduction becomes possible by reason of the lower cost of manufacture resulting from the reductions in wages and cost of material. Notwithstanding this substantial reduction, the price still includes a most comprehensive and costly equipment in accessories, the value of which is fully £100 greater than is usually included.

To Study American Conditions.

Among the outward passengers in the *Berengaria* was Sir William Letts, K.B.E., who is going across to the United States, where he will be busied for about a month, visiting factories in which he is interested, and studying the current situation in America, always, as he believes, more or less indicative of the trend of things in the British motor industry a little later. Sir William likes his information first-hand, evidently, notwithstanding the fact that he has quite a good intelligence department in the States. Originally planning to go across with Sir Charles Wakefield and the other members of the British delegates of the Sulgrave Institution, on September 9, Sir William will now join the delegation in Washington, where they commence the tour of presentations of statues of famous Britons and Americans, to be erected in the capital city, Pittsburgh, Pa., and New York City. W. W.



A NEW MOTOR-LIFEBOAT FOR EASTBOURNE: THE DEDICATION OF THE "PRISCILLA MACBEAN" BY THE BISHOP OF LEWES.

The new motor-lifeboat, "Priscilla Macbean," has been established at Eastbourne by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The dedication was performed by the Right Rev. H. K. Southwell, Bishop Suffragan of Lewes.

Photograph by Central Press.

purchase of a second-hand car, arranged with the dealers to send the car to his flat at a certain time in order that he might have a trial run. It so happened that at the moment the car reached the flat the member's wife, who was about to leave on a holiday, was waiting for a taxi-cab which had been ordered but had not arrived, and, on the member's suggestion, the car was taken to the railway station with his wife and luggage, enabling her to catch the train and at the

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ROVER

1923 PROGRAMME

Reduction in Prices

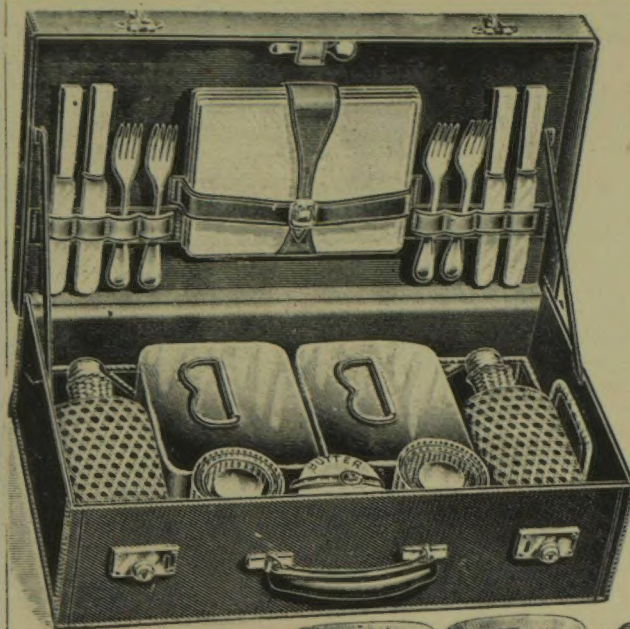
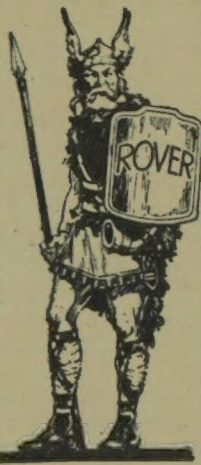
	Old Price	New Price
12 h.p. CHASSIS - - -	£495	£415
12 h.p. TWO-SEATER - - -	£625	£525
12 h.p. FOUR-SEATER - - -	£650	£550
12 h.p. COUPÉ, Fixed Top - - -	£750	£650
12 h.p. COUPÉ, Drop Head - - -	£800	£675
12 h.p. SALOON - - -	£900	£775
8 h.p. TWO-SEATER - - -	£220	£180
8 h.p. FOUR-SEATER - - -		£190
8 h.p. TWO-SEATER De Luxe - - -	£245	£200
8 h.p. FOUR-SEATER De Luxe - - -		£210

Self-Starter on 8 h.p. Models £15 extra.

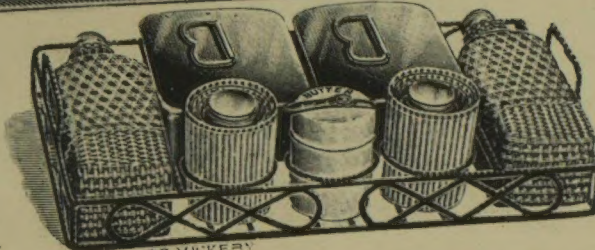
NOTE.—With both the 8 h.p. and 12 h.p. Touring Cars, All-Weather Side Curtains opening with doors are fitted as standard. Many detail improvements are included in both cars, the most interesting of which is probably the fact that the lubrication of the 12 h.p. engine has been altered to pressure feed.

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THE TALKING MACHINE.

AN INTERESTING MODEL.

A FEW days ago, I had an opportunity of inspecting one of the new "Horizontal Grand" models lately put on the market by the Gramophone Company ("His Master's Voice"). The designers of this type seem to have made a determined and very successful effort to give the gramophone a distinctive yet pleasing shape. Hitherto, we have had the familiar upright models, which suit only certain rooms, and, at the other extreme, their "Period" models, both handsome and costly, in which every care has been taken to disguise the fact that they are gramophones.

The new Horizontal model looks what it is, and, withal, does it very well. The characteristic lid is retained, and the wings on each side of the tone-chamber contain storage for records in albums. The opening of the tone-chamber, which is very large, is considerably lower than in the case of the upright models, which makes listening most comfortable when one is seated—the tone is not projected over one's head. As regards tone, the new model leaves nothing to be desired, and I should not be surprised if this form were adopted as the standard for the larger instruments of this make. It is obtainable in mahogany, electric or spring driven, and listed at £95 and £70 respectively.

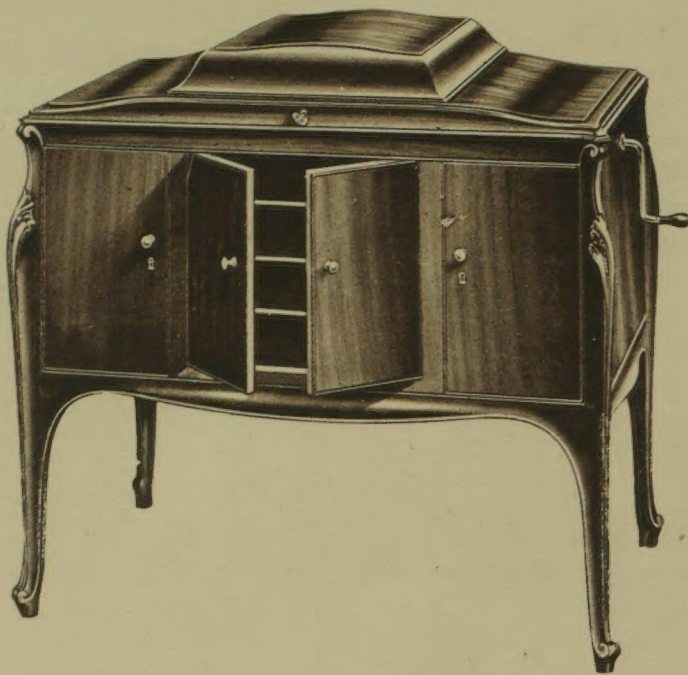
PROGRESS IN RECORDING.

The important new issues are excellently well recorded, and this is enhanced by the quality of the music taken for reproduction. Foremost comes the "Emperor" Concerto of Beethoven ("His Master's Voice"), of which I gave a preliminary notice in my last article. It is to be hoped most sincerely that this is the first of a series of such works to be recorded in complete form, and I could even presume to state that every music-lover would like to see the Schumann A minor, the Tchaikovsky in B flat minor, and the dear old Mendelssohn in G minor made accessible in record form.

Lamond is soloist in the "Emperor" set of five 12-inch double-sided discs, with Eugene Goossens as conductor and the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra to complete the ensemble. The recording of the piano-forte throughout is, I think, the best we have yet had. It is real piano, and does not once lapse into metallic quality. The breaks between the different sides of the records are well arranged, and one can

do what is impossible at a concert performance—pause between each of the ten sections into which the recorded version is divided, and digest what one has heard. To listen intently to a concerto played straight off is almost as exhausting as to play it. Here is a version that can be taken at pleasure, and this wonderful set is a very bright feather in the cap of "His Master's Voice."

I am informed that their records have been eagerly welcomed, and I sincerely trust that they will get



A NEW MODEL: THE "HORIZONTAL GRAND" JUST PUT OUT BY THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY—NOTE THE LARGE TONE-CHAMBER.

the support they deserve, as it will undoubtedly encourage the manufacturers to extend their enterprise in this direction, and give us more uncut symphonies, complete sonatas, string quartettes, and so forth.

The complete musical portion of "Iolanthe" has now been issued, and is the sixth of the Gilbert and Sullivan series to be put out by the Gramophone Company. It is particularly commendable on account of the clearness of diction in every part. The famous "Nightmare" song, one of the most difficult to sing of its kind, comes through perfectly, not a word being blurred. To the many gramophonists who dwell where it is almost impossible to hear these operas on

the stage, a worthy substitute is to hand in these fine records.

Still another set of records that will do much to bring the gramophone into its own as a serious factor in the musical life of the community is a series of what are known as "Melody Lectures," prepared and spoken by Dr. Walford Davies, Chairman of the National Council of Music in Wales. On twelve double-sided 12-inch discs is given a very concise discourse on the evolution of melody, commencing with Musical Outline, and working through the various sections until the final records are reached, when fully developed examples are played. Apt illustrations abound throughout the "lectures," some being played on the piano by the lecturer, and others contributed by Miss Marjorie Hayward, the well-known violinist. The lectures themselves are given in a chatty and intimate manner, and, being short, are easily grasped. Designed for use in the elementary schools of Wales, they should find widespread scope through the country generally.

The late Viscount Northcliffe was a great admirer of the gramophone, and he carried a portable instrument and some records with him on his many travels. His collection of records was one of the finest in existence, and he took a very keen interest in the educational possibilities of the gramophone, missing no opportunity of putting forward its claims for serious consideration.

It will be seen, from the remarkable issues mentioned in this article, which form only a part of the recent output of really important music (apart from many popular numbers and excellent dance records), that the gramophone is now a member of the musical circle that cannot be overlooked by anyone who claims to be a lover of music. These new developments open up a delightful vista of pleasures to come, and a widespread opportunity for all to become acquainted with the music that really matters.

Busoni has made his first records for the Columbia Company, choosing two Chopin numbers—the Nocturne in F sharp, and the Study in G flat (Op. 10, No. 5). They are fine examples of this famous pianist's perfect technical and artistic equipment.

The photograph of Signor Martinelli which appeared in our recent article should have been acknowledged as the copyright of the Bain News Service, New York.

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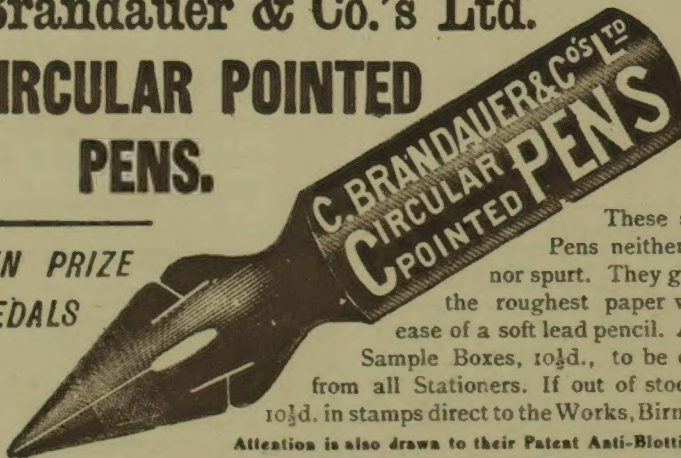
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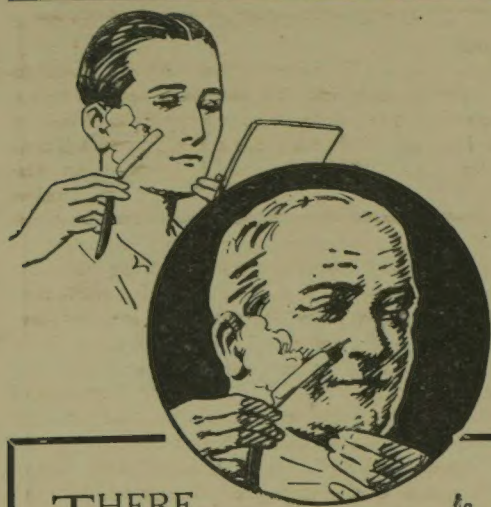
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